

# THE BEE

## WASHINGTON

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### Register Of The Treasury

One Branch Taken Away  
—Will Mr. Napier Accept?

IS THIS A DEMOCRATIC TRICK?

Both the Register and His Deputy Put in Small Rooms—Office Reduced and Clerks Transferred.

When Hon. J. C. Napier, of Tennessee, went to the Treasury Department Wednesday morning he was surprised to find that one of his divisions, the largest under him, had been detailed under the Secretary of the Treasury. Of course, the office could not be transferred under the law. This division is the largest and most responsible division under the Register of the Treasury. Aside from this curtailment of power and office, the office of the Register has been removed from the spacious rooms that were heretofore occupied by him to the floor upstairs in a small room. The Assistant Register, Mr. Adams, who is also a colored employee—or rather, he was appointed as a colored man from Chicago, Ill.—has also been placed in a small room, much smaller than the one that he previously occupied. These changes have the sanction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Then, again, Mr. Robert Holland, of Ohio, who was one of the committee to regulate the affairs in the Treasury Department, will be designated in the Register's office to see that these new changes are carried out.

The Bee is not certain that he knew of this change or had anything to do with it, but, however, it is done, and some one is responsible. Just why one of the best divisions in the Register's office should be detailed to another part of the Treasury has not been explained. It is quite likely that Register Napier will carry the matter to the President. Mr. Napier took the office with the distinct understanding that he was to be Register of the Treasury, with every division intact.

#### "CALL OF THE PRESENT."

Abbe Evening Address by Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, a Leading Negro Educator.

Springfield, Mass., March 13.—Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, President of the National Training School for Women and Girls at Washington, D. C., and Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Convention, the largest organization of Negroes in the world, spoke before the men's class at the First Highland Baptist Church yesterday noon, and at the Third Baptist Church last evening. In the evening her subject was "The Call of the Present," and she spoke in part as follows:

"There are a number of tremendous problems that must be solved by both races, and quiet, constructive work, rather than loud talking, is the key to the situation. During the past 10 years I have gone into every nook and corner of the South, studying the needs and conditions of the mass of our people.

"This thing that we call prejudice does not give me any concern whatever, because it is a thing that can be overcome. I am convinced that the Negro's own well-doing in any position open to him is going to change public sentiment in his favor the world over. The call at this time is for men and women of the race who can render efficient service. We are on trial.

"Hundreds of women whose hands are horny from toil are far more honorable than thousands whose hands are soft and shapely from ease. Thousands of our girls come out of school thinking that to cook, wash and iron is a disgrace, and their mothers are responsible for this notion. What the race needs more than anything else is a generation of sensible mothers.

"Our next call is for a less number of servant girls dressing after the fashion of the mistress upstairs. The women who work hard for a living are not saving enough of what they earn. They are putting too much on their backs and not enough in the bank.

"The call of the age in which we live is for men and women to do the world's work in the most skillful and satisfactory manner. Perhaps, one realm in which the call is the loudest is the domestic. It is here that men and women desire, most of all, happiness and peace. The thing that contributes most to these results is the proper management of the home, and our race has had the greatest chance at helping to contribute to the happiness and comfort of the American home. I do not know a city in the North or the South in which prejudice operates against the woman who knows her business in the kitchen or with a needle. Whether a woman lives in Springfield or Atlanta, Ga., whether she be a fair Saxon or as black as the hinges of midnight, if she is the best dressmaker in town women will make a beaten path to her door. The best cook in this city, though she may be black, will command the highest wages and the greatest consideration. It is not a matter of color; it is a matter of fitness.

"When it comes to solving the problem of any race, that race will have most of the work to do for itself, and the race that is not willing to pay the price of its salvation is not worth saving. A careful survey of the entire situation has convinced me that there are just three things that will solve this whole race problem—the bathtub, the broom and the Bible. We are forever talking about what



#### Race War Bars Negroes From Coronation Fete.

A recent dispatch from London has the following to say in connection with the Negro and the coronation festivities:

Attacks by colored men upon white women in the British African colonies has resulted in the introduction into England of a race situation suggestive of the conditions prevailing

in the Southern United States.

The Weekly Budget prints an announcement from the War Office that no Negro troops from Africa or the West Indies will participate in the state ceremonies this year. This will be in contrast to King Edward's coronation, when Negro troops from British Guiana, Barbados and Egypt participated.

Authorities in the Colonial Office

have also intimated that at the coming festival of the empire no side shows depicting native African villages or other exhibitions requiring the presence of Negroes will be permitted.

Owing to the serious conditions existing in the Rhodesia Cape Colony, where mass meetings have been held, threats are made by citizens to take the law into their own hands.

Rev. W. W. Mayle, an enthusiast for teacher-training classes, has consecrated himself to this work, and has already organized a number of teacher-training classes. It is an interdenominational work. Each school may select its own text-book and conduct the classes in its own way. The teachers and classes will meet with the Bible College once a month for review and for a special address. All teachers and Sunday school workers of the District are invited to meet with the Bible College at Lincoln Temple, Eleventh and R streets northwest, Monday, March 20, at 7:30 p. m., sharp, when the organization will be perfected.

#### Trip to Occoquan.

Saturday at 5:10 p. m. Mrs. Julia Mason Layton left for Occoquan, Va. She reached that old and quaint little town about 7 o'clock, found the stage coach waiting, and in almost a half hour was at the hospitable and cheery home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson. Mr. Jackson runs the ice plant at the Bureau of Engraving Plant, but has a beautiful home at Occoquan, where his estimable wife and five little tots live. After a typical Virginia dinner all went to the hall. Some three years ago an Odd Fellows Lodge was set apart in this town, and soon a Household of Ruth was organized, and the two bodies planned to have a hall. They have a commodious and comfortable building, two stories high.

This hall was used for the first time Saturday night. The hall cost about \$700, and they owe but a very few dollars on it now. It was packed to greet Mrs. Layton. She spoke on "Are we reaching the highest notch?" The audience seemed carried away and regretted when she closed.

Sunday morning at 10 o'clock she met the Sabbath school in the beautiful little church of that quaint village. The superintendent, Mr. White, deserves credit for the manner in which he conducts this school. It would be of a great benefit if some city superintendents and teachers could visit that school and note some things. At 3 o'clock Mrs. Layton was present with the Young People's Meeting. There she saw a boy of 12 years, presiding—a miniature Tom Reed—little boys and girls making motions, seconding, etc.—far beyond many adult gatherings. Papers, recitations, solos, duets, etc., filled the program. Miss Layton gave them words of encouragement and bade them God speed.

At 4 o'clock a packed house greeted Mrs. Layton, under the supervision of the Mothers and Sisters' Meeting. Mrs. Charles Jackson is the promoter and President of this excellent body of women. Sunday, for the first time, they allowed the brothers to attend. At all of these meetings liberal collections were taken up. Between Sabbath school and afternoon session the good folks took Mrs. Layton out sightseeing. She had a chance to look the convict camp over, also a solid

stone wall about sixteen feet high and several feet thick, built by the Indians in the early history of Virginia, and although the waters of Occoquan Creek and the millrace have dashed against it for about 300 years, it is standing as solid as though built ten years ago.

The citizens of color of Occoquan are an intelligent, thrifty set of folks, own comfortable homes, and are keeping abreast with the times.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doleman entertained Mrs. Layton and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson at tea Saturday evening at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Layton left at 7 o'clock for Washington, with promises to return very soon and pay a visit to these good friends.

#### Negro Pythians Knocked Out in Alabama.

Special to The Bee.

Montgomery, Ala., March 10.—Negro Pythians of Alabama, numbering about 15,000 or 20,000, must discontinue the use of the Pythian name, emblems, banners and rituals, according to a decree from the Chancery Court of Montgomery, upholding a bill filed last May by the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias of Alabama (white) against the Knights of Pythias of Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America (Negro).

#### Tuskegee's Gets Large Gift.

NEW YORK, March 14.—Tuskegee Institute, of Tuskegee, Ala., will eventually benefit to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars by the will of Emmet Densmore, a millionaire manufacturer of this city, filed today in the surrogate's office. To the institute is directed to be given, after various life estates created by the will shall have lapsed, all the testator's property, or as much as the law will allow to be given for such purposes. The estate is very large.

#### GOV. PINCHBACK

Assured of His Position by Reason of Supreme Court's Decision on the Corporation Tax Measure.

The decision handed down Tuesday by the Supreme Court, affirming the constitutionality of the corporation tax, assures the continuation of ex-Gov. Pinchback in the position he now holds. Pending the decision of the Supreme Court, Gov. Pinchback has been holding his office, which has to do with the collection of corporation tax, under a ninety-day appointment. Now that the Supreme Court has declared the act valid, the Governor's appointment can be made permanent. This is pleasing to the many friends of the "last of the old guard" throughout the country. As is well known, the Governor is assigned to duty in New York City, under the internal revenue branch of the government service.

#### Mothers' Meeting.

The regular Monday afternoon meeting for mothers was held at the Colored Social Settlement March 13, at which 18 very much interested mothers as well as young matrons were present. Miss Ella L. Hawes, in charge, gave evidence of pleasure and gratification at so much interest shown by the mothers of the community in which the Settlement is striving to reach.

Talks on the betterment of home, care and training of children, visiting the homes, mending and preparing garments for needy children, also ministering to the aged poor. The meetings are from 2 to 4 p. m. every Monday. The first hour is devoted to sewing, and one hour to topics on the uplift of the home.

On next Sunday at 4 p. m. Judge De Lacy and Mrs. A. M. Curtis will speak at the Colored Social Settlement. Good music. All are invited to come.

#### W. C. T. U.

The regular monthly meeting of the young people's branch of the W. C. T. U. of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church was held last Sunday before a goodly audience. The address of the evening was made by Miss Imogene Wormley, who urged the members of the branch to some sort of social service. Miss Wormley vividly pictured the scenes of vice and depravity enacted in Willow Tree Alley, where much can be done in the line of social service. Realizing that it is useless to meet each month and merely talk of intemperate conditions without action to correct them, the young people's branch decided to launch a campaign for the improvement of moral conditions in Willow Tree Alley. And so, on next Sunday at 3 o'clock, the young people's branch of the W. C. T. U. and the Christian Endeavor of the church have volunteered to hold an open-air meeting right in the heart of the alley. It is expected that much good will be derived from this and subsequent meetings which will be held in the alley. Miss Orlean Lane and Miss Virginia Williams rendered respectively two beautiful instrumental and vocal solos. The officers of the branch are: Miss Rae M. Cornish, president; Miss Virginia Williams, vice president; J. Moria Saunders, secretary; Miss Orlean W. Lane, treasurer.

### PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Miss Daisy Ogden has just been appointed as passenger agent on a railroad. Her territory extends from Watertown, Ill., to Belldorf, Iowa. She is the first woman in America to hold a position of this kind.

A device has been invented by Mrs. Imogene Paul, one of the superintendents of the street cleaning districts in Chicago, to dispose of paper and other refuse, which will save the city about \$100,000 annually. The invention is an incinerator for burning light refuse as it is taken up.

In Springfield, Ill., a bill was proposed by Representative Murphy, of Chicago, to prohibit hobbled skirts measuring less than three yards, and an absolute ban is placed upon the harem skirt. The penalty for violating the proposed law is a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$50 for each offense.

It is claimed over 30,000 Kings and Queen's South African medals and clasps are awaiting ownership. Each of the 30,000 medals is stamped on its rim with the rank and name of its owner, so that identification becomes comparatively easy.

Mrs. O. H. F. Belmont began her first class in farming on her thousand-acre estate in Long Island. Twenty young women have been selected, and will receive \$4 weekly during their two months' course. Not a man is on the premises, not even to chop wood.

John Arthur Johnson, champion heavyweight pugilist of the world, was arrested for the second time within the past month for violating the speed ordinance in his automobile.

Curtis Guild, Sr., founder and editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin and father of the former Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., died last week at the age of 84. Mr. Guild was the author of several volumes of travel and poems.

A big demonstration to mark the 50th anniversary of President Lincoln's call for troops in 1861 is planned by the District of Columbia Volunteers, an organization composed of survivors of the civil war, many of whom responded to that first summons to battle for the preservation of the Union.

A jubilee over the emancipation of the serfs was celebrated in Russia last week. Public rejoicings and singing in all the churches were reported. The decree for the total emancipation of the 23,000,000 serfs throughout the Empire in two years' was issued March 3, 1861.

The Consolidation Coal Company is planning for the development of a 100,000-acre tract in Pike County, Ky. The company has already built a sawmill to cut and prepare lumber for the various buildings to be erected. Bonds have been issued for \$40,000,000, which amount will be invested in this Kentucky development.

Work on the construction of the Mukden-Antung Railway, which was stopped by the plague, has been resumed. Chinese workmen have been brought in from the plague-stricken districts.

In San Francisco a spectacular raid in Chinatown by immigration officials resulted in the capture of six Chinese slave girls, said to be illegally imported and purchased for the sum of \$25,000.

Rumor has it that Henry O. Tanner, the artist, is to paint the portrait of former Congressman John Langston, which is to be placed in the Carnegie Library, Howard University. The bill introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature prohibiting the intermarriage of white and colored people was not passed.

Gale P. Hilyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew F. Hilyer, a junior in University of Minnesota, is winning fame along oratorical lines. He has been selected to compete for the Pillsbury prize. The University of Minnesota is the Alma Mater of his father, Mr. Andrew F. Hilyer.

According to reports, Cornell University is drawing the color line. It is reported that it is impossible for young colored women to obtain rooms in the women's dormitory.

The Chicago Defender says the colored people of Chicago should wake up. There are now only seven colored firemen left, out of twelve, and one by one they are being relieved of their posts of duty by foreigners. It is time the people of Chicago were waking up.

For the first time in the history of Texas a mixed jury, of which half were Negroes and half were whites, is trying a white man for his life. They are eating and sleeping together. The lion and lamb are bunking together.

There have been 21 deaths from cholera in Honolulu. Dr. Clegg, of the United States Public Health, says the disease was brought from the Orient by what is known as chronic bacilli carriers.

American Ambassador O'Brien was entertained by Marquis Katsura, Japan's Minister of Finance, last week in Tokio in celebration of the conclusion of the new commercial treaty between Japan and the United States.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, has been made an honorary member of the British Pharmaceutical Conference.

#### New Register in Town.

Mr. J. C. Napier, the new Register of the Treasury, arrived in the city Monday evening from Tennessee. He went immediately to the house of his mother-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Langston, where he will remain during his stay in the city. Mr. Napier took charge of his office Wednesday morning.



Miss Nannie H. Burroughs. Burroughs. This lady is doing a great work for the young girls and women of her race. She should be helped. One of the most progressive women of this country is Miss Nannie H. and encouraged by the people.

Lead The Bee



# THE BATHING GIRLS.

(„Mundine im Bad“.)  
TWO STEP.

As Danced by the Hollis Sisters in vaudeville.



The Bathing Girls 2 pp—2d p

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Block Innerlin Lined Mantles give 50 per cent. more light and will outlast six ordinary mantles. This means a saving of 75 per cent. on your mantle expense. TWO COMPLETE GAS MANTLES IN ONE. Price, 25 cents

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Save the box covers from 12 Block Vy-tal-ty Mantles—the best 10 and 15-cent grade of mantles sold—take them to your dealer, or send them to us, and get a Block Innerlin Lined Mantle free. Block Vy-tal-ty and Block Innerlin Lined Mantles are for sale at Hardware, China, Plumbing, Grocery and Department Stores.

Dealers Write for Our Descriptive Circular and New Catalogue  
**The Block Light Co., Youngstown, Ohio**  
(Sole Manufacturers)  
Headquarters for Incandescent Mantles, Burners and Supplies of every description, Gas, Gasoline, Kerosene, High Pressure, etc.

To Start a Tight Screw.  
Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood, a screw that won't budge at all, and have in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such a thing occurs again don't give it up, don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red hot and then hold it against the screw head for a little while; wait a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screwdriver that just previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple. The red hot poker heats the screw, and the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are.—New York Sun.

Interesting For the Husband.  
A titled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.  
"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him or he will ruin us with his extravagance."  
At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face.  
"Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"—London Tit-Bits.

Very Thoughtful.  
"Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her."  
"I suppose you neglect any such attentions now."  
"Yes; I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."—Washington Star.

The Only Way.  
"I wish I knew how to keep a servant."  
"That man across the way can help you."  
"Does he conduct an intelligence office?"  
"No; he's an embalmer."—Houston Post.

Limited Experience.  
Gentleman (hiring valet)—Then I understand you to have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair off and on? Applicant—Off, sir, but never on.—Boston Standard.

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**THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.**  
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One of the largest payrolls ever signed in the Pittsburgh district was signed December 24, and \$7,000,000 was distributed to men who work in the industrial plants.

**WANTED—A RIDER AGENT** in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Hedgehorn" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.  
**NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent down! In advance, freight, freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and test it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.  
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**YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED** when you receive our beautiful catalogue and see the low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost.  
**BIKE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.  
**SECOND HAND BICYCLES** We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$5 to \$25 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.  
**COASTER-BRAKES**, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.  
**\$8.50 HEDGEHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRE**  
**SELF-HEALING TIRES** A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY \$4.80  
The regular retail price of these tires is \$5.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 each with order \$4.50.  
**NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES**  
NAILS, Tracks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have never been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of this, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$5.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.56 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump. Tires to be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We want you to be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable offer.  
**IF YOU NEED TIRES** don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.  
**DO NOT WAIT** but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.  
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**NEW YORK CANDY KITCHEN**  
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**Fresh Candies Daily**  
Good Chocolate Candy 15c lb. Good Taffy 10c lb.  
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of experiments in what he calls new a Wright biplane at Denver, Colo. plerology. It is done by having John D. Rockefeller sent all the colored light flashes thrown into the eye. A series of rockefeller experiments which may mark an epoch in the history of abdominal surgery, will shortly be made the basis of a new preventive treatment for peritonitis at Ralph Johnstone, the aviator killed in one of the great London hospitals.

**W. B. Reduso CORSETS**  
**THE W. B. Reduso Corset** brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.  
Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.  
Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.  
**Style 770 (as pictured)** medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price \$3.00.  
Other REDUSO models \$3.00 per pair upwards to \$10.00.  
**W. B. Nuform and Erect Form Corsets**—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, \$1.00 upwards to \$5.00 per pair.  
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## QUEER INDIAN BELIEFS.

The Bella Coola Believe There Are Five Worlds and Are Worshipers of the Sun.

There is an odd feature in the theology of the small Indian tribe of the Bella Coola which inhabit British Columbia in about latitude 52. They believe that there are five worlds, one above the other, and the middle one is our own world, the earth. Above it are two heavens, and under it are two underworlds. In the upper heaven is the supreme deity, who is a woman, and she doesn't meddle much with the affairs in the second world below her. The zenith is the center of the lower heaven, and here is the house of the gods, in which live the sun and the rest of the deities.

Our own earth is believed to be an island swimming in the ocean. The first underworld from the earth is inhabited by ghosts, who can return, when they wish, to heaven, from which place they may be sent down to our earth. If then they misbehave again they are cast into the lower of the underworlds, and from this bourne no ghostly return returns.

The Bella Coola are sun worshippers, for Senex, the sun, the master of the house of gods who is called the father and the sacred one, is the only deity to whom the tribe pray. Each family of the Bella Coola has its own traditions and its own form of the current traditions, so that in the mythology of the tribe there are countless contradictions. When any one not a member of a clan tries to tell a tradition which does not belong to his clan it is like a white man trying to tell another's joke—he is considered as appropriating the property right which does not belong to him.

## SMOKELESS POWDER.

It Came Through Experimenting For High Explosives.

The idea is very general that smokeless powder in being practically smokeless achieves its greatest end, but as a matter of fact its smokeless feature is incidental and was an accident.

When the idea of modern long range guns was conceived it was at once apparent that the old black powder lacked explosive force, and thousands of experiments were made with various chemicals to procure a powder of high explosive properties, and this was at last accomplished.

When the new powder was tried, much to the surprise of every one it was found that practically no smoke followed the explosion, though this could of course have been predicted had the question ever arisen. The volume of smoke from black powder is due mainly to the quantity of charcoal in the powder, an ingredient not found in the smokeless explosive.

Smokeless powder, though a great boon to the sportsman, is of questionable value on the battlefield, so far as its smokelessness is concerned. The smoke clouds of old days were frequently most advantageously used to cloak movements of troops and batteries and really interfered with the enemy much more than with the troops creating the smoke.—Exchange.

**Saved by Fireflies.**  
The gigantic tropical fireflies which swarm in the forests and canebrakes of most of the low lying West Indian islands once proved the salvation of the city of Santo Domingo. A body of buccaners, headed by the notorious Thomas Cavendish, had laid all their plans for a descent upon the place, intending to massacre the inhabitants and carry away all the treasure they conveniently could, and had actually put off their boats for that purpose. As they approached the land, however, rowing with muffled oars, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which fringed the bayou upon which they had to proceed, and, concluding that the Spaniards knew of their approach, they put about and regained their ship without attempting to land.

**The Wonderful Banana.**  
Some people believe that the banana was the original forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden. In any case it is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, being not a tree, a palm, a bush, a shrub, a vegetable or a herb, but a herbaceous plant with the status of a tree. Although it sometimes attains a height of thirty feet, there is no woody fiber in any part of its structure, and the bunches growing on the dwarf banana plant are often heavier than the stalk which supports them. No other plant gives such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana. It yields 44 times more by weight than the potato and 133 times more than wheat. Moreover, no insect will attack it, and it is always immune from diseases of any kind.

**Convinced.**  
"Do you think a college education helps a man in business?"  
"Sure. I've had two college boys here workin' for me durin' the past year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Following Orders.**  
Charlie—What have you been doing to your face, dear boy? Percy—I tried to shave myself this morning. Charlie—What on earth for? Percy—The doctor told me that I ought to take more exercise.—Illustrated Bits.

**At Cross Purposes.**  
Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

## KANGAROO MEAT.

The Native Youngsters of New Guinea Had a Good Reason For Refusing to Eat It.

In certain parts of New Guinea the wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshment, change from caudal meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in an English magazine tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that, although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth. These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

## LACEMAKING.

An Old Legend That Tells of the Origin of the Art.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previous to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice painted by Casparcio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows:

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrifed wrack grass, which he hastened to present to his fiancée; but, breaking out, the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. While absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.

## Too Realistic.

During a performance of "Captain Lapalisse" at a Valencia theater some years ago an incident occurred which for lifelike effect left nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to co-operate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, taken his seat in the stalls than a daring pickpocket robbed him of his gold watch. Miralles seized the man by his coat collar and called out in a deep bass voice:

"Police! Help! Thieves!"  
The audience, taking this little episode to be part of the performance, roared with laughter. Even the policemen joined in without stirring hand or foot.

"This is no farce!" cried the actor in tones of despair. "The fellow has got my watch!"  
The voice sounded so natural that the audience broke into loud applause at "such excellent fooling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

## A Judicial Expert.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.  
"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' courthouse?"  
"Nope," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"  
"Why, Jim Simpson has been suin' Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdict of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at th' judge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't th' judge go a little too far when he fixed her value so low?"  
"Not at all, not at all! You see, he was her first husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Singer and Orator.

"If I had my way," Dr. Macnamara once confessed to an interviewer, "I should be singing in 'Carmen' instead of making speeches from the treasury bench, but unfortunately the British public thinks a great deal more of a man who can make a bad speech than a man who can sing a good song."—Westminster Gazette.

## To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beaudt—It's young Mr. Boudclipper. Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits. Miss Beaudt—Yes; his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

## Anticipation.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyedly is putting into her house next door?"  
"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

## JAPANESE ENGLISH.

A Sample Circular Composed by a Native Tradesman With an Observation on the Servant Problem.

There comes from a correspondent in Japan this example of circulars in English that Japanese tradesmen sometimes compose:

"Dear Sir—I have the honour to write a letter for you that I have now established the meat market and its branch to deliver the meat as one of the branch of my slaughter house, as which I have many cattle, their pastures, their markets, milk houses, and a slaughter house, etc., and I will have a fresh meat with the most cheapest price from my slaughter house than other butchery and especially make you many reduction for every day purchaser for month. I beg you can soon make me your order without your servant's commission, 'as you know your servant is always making money by your meat.' I will make you the pass-book for the creditor only.

"P. S.—If you handed bad meat from your servant while you are making purchases the meat from my market every day, you will soon to let it exchange by the servant without any hesitation. Please make me your order, and if you can make me order by letter I will have the postage reduction from the count of meat with kind regards. Your truly."—Boston Transcript.

## THE DELUGE.

Queer Old Australian Tradition About the Flood.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightway brought before the frog, and when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it among all the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

## Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was most highly civilized and delighted in being called the mistress of the land and sea, her people worshipped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an object of mad adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a circular white spot in the exact center of his forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, star eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile, such animals were shod with gold and had their horns tipped with the same metal. Herodotus tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in his forehead.

## Lead Pencil Experiments.

An English statistician was asked how many words could be written with an English lead pencil, and, being determined to answer it, he bought a lead pencil and Scott's "Ivanhoe" and proceeded to copy the latter word by word. He wrote 85,608 words and then was obliged to stop, for the pencil had become so short that he could not use it. A German statistician who heard of this experiment was dissatisfied with it because all the lead in the pencil was not used on the work, and therefore he bought a pencil and started to copy a long German novel. When the pencil was so short that he could not handle it with his fingers he attached a holder to it, and it is said that he wrote with this one pencil 400,000 words. Possibly, however, his pencil was longer or the lead in it was of a more durable quality.

## When Silence Is Deadly.

Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love. There is nothing violent about it. No shock is given. Hope is not abruptly strangled, but merely dreams of evil and fights with gradually stifling shadows. When the last convulsions come they are not terrific. The frame has been weakened for dissolution. Love dies like natural decay. It seems the kindest way of doing a cruel thing.—George Meredith.

## Rubbing It In.

The Bride—That nasty Mrs. Jones, next door, said I'd better try these biscuits on the dog before I gave 'em to you. The Groom—Hasn't she got a mean disposition! Why, I thought she was fond of dogs!—Cleveland Leader.

## Often the Case.

Sillicus—What do you suppose caused him to go to the bad? Cynicus—Trying to be a good fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramasawm's "Indian Fables."



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## PAYS TO ENCOURAGE BIRDS

Assertion Made That Farmers Would Find It to Their Interest to Protect Songsters.

What may be done in the encouragement of naturally migratory song birds to remain north during the winter has been demonstrated at the farmhouse of George E. Hoxie during the last winter, where a colony of 11 bluebirds have contentedly lived and apparently enjoyed their quarters in the bird houses where they were reared last summer.

It is quite interesting to watch their modes of living, as their habits of procuring food have to be entirely different from what they are in summer.

Every fairly pleasant morning by the time it is light they fly away and are not seen again until near sunset, when they return individually and go into the bird houses, several occupying one house, and all on the same building.

Mr. Hoxie has about his place 23 bird houses, all of which were occupied last season, there being two nests of bluebirds and 20 nests of stump swallows.

Besides these there were raised about the buildings four nests of barn swallows, one nest of chimney swallows, and seven nests of eave swallows. As these would average four young birds to each nest, the number raised, with the old ones added, would make approximately 200 birds.

Then there were within 500 feet of the house ten robin nests, one oriole, one waxwing, one house wren, two chipping, two ground sparrows and one king bird, making in all 18 nests, and with these young and old added would make a total of 300 insect-destroying songsters that were not only a continual joy, but a source of rare profit in the great number of gnats, flies, bugs and worms daily consumed.

Mr. Hoxie attributes a big yield of apples last season to the destruction by the birds of the insect pest that infects the apples from bloom to finish. If every farmer would put up a few suitable bird houses it would soon make a vast difference to the raising of farm products.—Westerly Sun.

## Biggest Dam in the World.

The secretary of the interior has directed the reclamation service to take up immediately the extensive preliminary work on the Rio Grande project in New Mexico and Texas, so that actual construction on the



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## MR. EDWIN BANCROFT HENDERSON.

Those of us who witnessed the indoor games at Convention Hall last Saturday night could not but realize the advance of athletics in this city. Until six years ago Washington was as dead in that line as are many of our other cities to-day; but at that time the Board of Education appointed Mr. Edwin Bancroft Henderson a teacher of athletics, the first colored man ever appointed in that department. Since then he has worked with untiring efforts to raise the standard of athletics among our colored boys, and thus bring about better men for our race. He created and established the I. S. A. A., through which association he brought about the annual Out-door Meet every 30th of May. Through the same association he brought about the Basketball series, which occur yearly. Through his wide correspondence he has brought about inter-city games and athletic interests, and now, this fall, he succeeded in establishing what is in so many of our large cities among the whites, the P. S. A. L. Those who have talked with him since his appointment in these schools know that his greatest ambitions were, first, to have one day an official handbook in Spalding's Athletic Library. This he accomplished last year, and he is now working on another for this year. Those of us who saw last year's are proud to own such a book. Second, to have an Indoor Meet at Convention Hall, patterned after those given by Georgetown, George Washington, and other such universities. He attended them each winter, noting such good points as would help him when his meet came off, and at last he saw his opportunity, when things seemed ripe and ready, and he launched upon the meet which seemed to most people a gigantic proposition; but with such staunch workers as J. M. Saunders, G. S. Wormley, A. K. Savoy, W. Hamilton and G. C. Wilkinson, it was sure to succeed. There has been in the work much that was "up hill," and men of a weaker character would have given up long ago and been contented to let athletics drop back in its same old rut, but not so with Mr. Henderson. We can only say to him: "Let the good work go on." The Bee is with you, and so is every other progressive paper and set of people who are for the betterment of its race.

## SO SOON!

Rumors coming from New York indicate that there is a beginning of the end of the National Negro Committee, of which Prof. Du Bois is the titular head. Thus far the funds for its maintenance, and for the propagation of DuBois ideas, have been furnished by white folks, the rumor alleging that it costs some eight hundred dollars a month to maintain the committee, including the professor's salary. To offset this expenditure, the colored allies, worshippers and propagandists of Prof. DuBois have contributed nothing but simply "talk," and talk pays no salaries. The lectures of Prof. Du Bois, it is said, have not proved financially successful, for the reason that there seemed to be no great body of colored people interested sufficiently to pay the price of admission. It is also claimed that the amount, to date, contributed by the DuBois colored contingent for the support of this committee has not been sufficient to even pay the cost of one issue of The Crisis, the organ of the committee.

If this committee lapses into innocuous desuetude, it is even now innocuous—it will appear that Failure is a bete noir that continues to hang upon Prof. Du Bois's heels, for down to date every movement inaugurated by him has been a failure. His Niagara Movement is, and has been, for several years in a worse than comatose condition; his retreat from Atlanta left no regret in its wake, indicating that he accomplished little there, and now comes the rumor that, primarily because of the failure of his colored adherents to respond financially, his new-born baby, which cried so lustily at birth, is at death's door.

This, however, might have been, and was to be expected, for the reason that the propaganda was formulated out of jealousy and selfishness more largely than out of sincerity. No movement, no matter how great may be its sponsor, can stand or become an effective instrument for good if its primary aim is to retard and defeat some other movement moving along a parallel line to attain the same end—Advancement. Had Prof. DuBois marshalled his forces for a determined assault upon the forts of prejudice—for the achievement of rights and privileges for his race—instead of marshalling them for an assault upon Dr. Washington, he might have succeeded. But pitiable man, like Don Sancho Panza, he has been wasting his energies upon a windmill. And now is his latest movement—that committee—to go so soon?

## SEGREGATION.

And now Louisiana comes forward with favoritism for the segregation idea evolved in the brains of race-hating Baltimoreans. In New Orleans it is proposed to introduce a segregation ordinance, segregating colored people, and to even segregate them to certain points removed from whites during the passing of the annual Madi Gras parade.

If the whites would only stop to consider, this segregation idea may prove a boomerang. Restricting men to a certain prescribed sphere or limit has always had the effect of creating discontent, which found an outlet in rebellion and crime. It is impossible to restrict without creating discontent, and discontent breeds contempt, and contempt of law precedes rebellion against laws. The Negro of to-day is not the Negro of prior to 1865. He has tasted some of freedom, for which he fought. He has a desire to rise and be a MAN. To thwart his honest, noble aim by saying to him in enacted statutes, "thus far and no farther," might change him from peaceful, law-abiding, industrious citizen to a hateful, resentful, dangerous citizen, which he has no desire to become. The Negro, as a class, is simply desirous of a man's chance—no more, no less. The years of slavery, when the enforced ignorance of the slave woman made her the easy victim of the immoral and unmoored overseer and slaveholder, peopled the South with thousands and thousands of illegitimate half-breeds, so that there is hardly a white family in all Southland but what has a kinship, by blood, to the Negro. Now, if the whites segregate the Negro, in hundreds and thousands of cases they will be segregating their own flesh and blood. White councilmen who will vote for segregation laws, in many cases, will be voting to segregate a brother or sister by the same father, but by a black mother. Will the whites pass iniquitous laws against their own flesh and blood? Will they do it?

## SPEAKER CLARK.

It is stated on good authority that Hon. Champ Clark, the next Speaker of the Democratic House of Representatives, will appoint colored Democrats to places made vacant by the discharge of colored Republicans, and that he means to treat colored men as well as Republicans have treated them, if not better. The Bee believes that, if it is left to Mr. Clark, colored Democrats will be given consideration.

If Heflin and Sims don't put their feet into the meshes and offer a "Jim Crow" car measure, and advise their Democratic colleagues to act right, the colored voters throughout the country may have some confidence in the Democratic party. The Bee would advise the colored voters throughout the country to move slowly and with care. The colored voters have done enough thus far to induce the Democratic party to reciprocate in some way.

## REGISTER NAPIER.

Mr. J. C. Napier was sworn in last Wednesday morning as regis-

ter of the Treasury. To his surprise, he found that one of his divisions had been taken from him—the loan division—the most important in the register's office. Mr. Napier also found that the large and commodious room that had been occupied by former registers and that of his deputy had also been taken from them, and both transferred upstairs to rooms too small for the dignity of the office. The President will, no doubt, call the attention of his Democratic Secretary of the Treasury to these changes and transfers. If Mr. Napier was the Editor of The Bee, and the Editor of The Bee Mr. Napier, the President of the United States would be given just 24 hours to vacate the order of the Democratic Secretary of the Treasury or he would have a resignation.

## TRUE REFORMERS.

There is every reason to believe that the True Reformers will come out all right. With such a large membership, there is no reason for the organization to fail. If every city and every assistant or deputy chief is doing as well as this city and our deputy are doing, there is no such word as fail.

## Get together.

You can fool some of the people only once.

In some cases a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Another millionaire has shuffled off this mortal coil; but before he did it, he provided for Tuskegee Institute to the extent of several hundred thousands.

One of our contemporaries gets out its gun, sword and pistol every time the Recorder of Deeds is criticized. This criticism is a bad thing, but public men can't expect to be immune to it, so why throw a fit?

The Sage of the Potomac had a narrow call Tuesday, which might have resulted fatally. Thanks to fate, however, he was spared and saved to continue his interesting column. It came near being the old story—"Death loves a shining mark."

A rumor is current that Dr. Vernon will go on the lecture platform, retaining his home and headquarters here. He ought to be a great drawing card, being the matchless orator that he is. The lecture platform, when it pays, is far better than officeholding, and not near so uncertain.

The Bee is receiving numerous compliments because of its bright and newsy pages. Compared on any count, regarded from any angle, The Bee easily leads all other colored would-be newspapers published in Washington. In fact, The Bee is incomparable. It's the people's newspaper—not an organ of a faction.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Starting March 26th and ending April 30th, the Y. M. C. A. will hold meetings at Howard Theater. Special meetings to which the ladies will be invited will be held on March 26th and April 16th. Fifty students from the Springfield Y. M. C. A. Training School will be present on the 26th and will render glue club selections. The Jeter Trio will render special music.

Mr. Shapley, a member of the Interstate Y. M. C. A. Committee, visited the meeting of March 12th and gave his greetings to the men. He is interested in county work, organizing young men in the rural districts into Y. M. C. A. groups. The county work is expected to greatly benefit our people in the rural districts of the Southland.

Rev. H. W. Porter, pastor of the Congregational Church, Pittsburg, Pa., formerly of Des Moines, Iowa, also extended his greetings at the meeting of March 12th. He made a very favorable impression upon the men, and will no doubt be called upon to deliver an address in the near future.

Hiawatha Theater was crowded to the doors on Sunday, March 12th, to hear Judge Norris. The Judge was at his best, always a favorite of the men, he is now more popular than ever. He will speak on Sunday, the 19th, on the subject of the "New Nationalism."

Mr. W. A. Hunton and Dr. J. E. Moorland, International Secretaries, were in and out of the city during the past week.

The membership campaign between the "Reds," under Mr. L. E. Dogans, and the "Blues," under Mr. M. L. Walker, is gathering enthusiasm as the process of organization goes on. Quite a number of men have been enlisted to secure memberships, and it looks as if they will be ready to put the campaign on the first week in April.

A membership meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be held on Wednesday night, March 22d.

Arrangements are now being made for the installation of a new financial system. A system larger than the one at present in use, with possibilities of expansion so as to accommodate all the various phases of the work in the new building.

## Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

A short time ago I met Prof. Kelly Miller on the Rue du Morgue—that's the street—and in one second by the watch, after we met, we were discussing the race question. You know Prof. Miller is the author of "Race Adjustment," the highest priced book on the market—price \$2, bound in imitation leather, and being the author, it's up to him to talk race matters continually, as an advertisement. Prof. Miller is one of the few close corporations that have been able to get by the Interstate Commerce Commission and increase rates. Now for example: He first put out his "Race Adjustment" articles in pamphlet form, and blandly invited the public to taste of his jar of wisdom at 15 cents a taste. This worked so well that he said to himself: "Well, old Barnum cogitated to himself that the public likes to be humbugged. Now I'll just see if the old C. C. (circus) can't know what he was whistling about." So the Professor collected all the odds and ends of his moss-covered manuscripts on this race business—"Leopard's Spots" and all—had them bound in book form, and dumped the edition upon an unsuspecting public at \$2 per volume. Did the public stand it? Well I guess yes, for the Professor is still selling them at the same old price, with no discount for age. Of course, that "Race Adjustment" is a mighty interesting collection of sweat drops from the Professor's prodigious brain. It reads well, is logical, and hits the high places. Strange, there is not a straddle in any one of the articles. All of them are straight from the shoulder—no compromise. And this is rather strange, because if there is one man in all this broad land who can straddle a razor-back hog with comfort, it's Prof. Miller. He runs down the main line for a short distance at full speed, but if he meets another train coming in the opposite direction he'll put on the reverse, and back up on the siding perfectly contented. Prof. Miller doesn't believe in head-on collisions. He thinks a straddle is better than a paddle any old day.

But Prof. Miller is a great educator—one of the brainiest colored men in this country. Howard University is better known because of his connection with it than the connection of any other one man. He's an amiable man, and all amiable men are straddlers to a certain extent. There is because they have such a high regard for the feelings of the other man. Prof. Miller believes it is far better to provoke smiles rather than tears; compliments rather than roasts. He's as mild mannered a man as ever scuttled a ship. You never saw him angry. I have seen him try his best to get angry, but he couldn't make the turn. I have seen him go to Gray's coinage factory and load up on soda water, hoping that it would team up anger, but it wouldn't. By the way, I want to advise the Professor that if he doesn't cut out some of his soda water he will soon have a stomach ready for the hospital. Of course, you can't induce him to go anything stronger. At a banquet he will toy with a glass of care-robbing fluid, make eyes at it, and then pass it along with a sort of facial expression that suggests he is soliloquizing—"you certainly look good, but what would Thirkield say? Some day Prof. Miller will be president of Howard, and when that day comes genius and ability will be recognized. This doing a deaneary stunt at \$1,700 per ain't treating a fellow of his ability on the level. Do you know this Carolinian carpet-bagger is a Hope diamond? that is, he's the rarest gem in captivity. Most every one outside of Washington thinks he's the head-pusher out at Howard. When they speak of Prof. Miller they mean Howard University, and when they speak of Howard University they think they are talking about Race Adjustment. Miller and the two are hooked up inseparably, together. There's only one Prof. Miller, and we've got him here.

I dropped in at 609 F street the other day. You know if you want baldheaded rumors, and rumors without beginning or end, and want them fresh or warmed over, just make a social call at 609 F. Well, they fell to discussing the Elks down there, and they discussed and cursed both sides. One man said Ben Gaskins was the legal brains of the order, and another immediately reached in his pocket and pulled out a little tin horn through which he blew the glories of Melendez King. They took sides, you can rely on my word for it. "You saw in a certain newspaper, didn't you, where Melendez King went to Richmond and cleaned up on them," said one fellow. "Well, Gaskins furnished the gun and powder, and King simply pulled the trigger," retorted another. And then they had a few comments on the side of swinging of arms and hands and the pitching of voices in high C. I finally ducked—I'm not a factionist, and left them wrangling and jangling over who is who—King or Gaskins.

But as I sauntered away, I thought to myself—why don't we Elks settle our differences in the lodge rooms, instead of punching holes in each other in bar rooms and on street corners? I am an Elk, but I promise you that I am getting awfully weary over this bickering. There's nothing in it for us small fry who attend meetings and pay dues. The big guns buy space in newspapers to puff themselves, and the order pays the freight. And the freight is pretty tolerably heavy, too. And it is numored, in circles outside of Dade's, that sometimes there is a rebate on the freight charges, which is against the Interstate Commerce Commission's ruling. Now I'm not calling any names, and there is no use for some fellow to duck his head just because another fellow calls out "Draw-bridge!" If any one ducks his head, then go look for where the rebate may be in hiding.

But speaking about Ben Gaskins, don't you know this young limb of

the law is fresh-roasted peanuts? Well he is. Ben is as bright as they polish them up. Careless fellow, though. Ain't particular whether he wears a prince albert or a sweater to a pink tea function. In fact, would rather not attend a pink tea. Just as leave drink a bottle of Perfect Brew as a bottle of Clic. Would see a shoe shiner four miles below the fire furnace of his Satanic Majesty's realm rather than cough up a nickel for a shine. But the boy knows the law. Just naturally has a brilliant mind. If Ben would settle down and make a feature, instead of a living, of law, there would be nothing to it, with this Blackstonian waif. He's a square fellow, even if he is pugnacious. He's full of tobacco sauce, and you know when you find a fellow filled up with red pepper he's bound to make somebody sneeze. I remember once Ben and I were talking on law, between drinks, and let me tell you there was only about a minute between, when he said to me, sort of reflective like, "Say Chat," of course I ain't no kin to Rufus, but that name will answer for the present, "don't you know if it ain't in a fellow it can come out?" None while this was sort of a Jack Bunsby opinion, it was philosophy allee same.

Cogitating on philosophy, I can't see the philosophy of Slaughter moving the Odd Fellows' Journal to Washington. But then I guess it wasn't his say. It was not for him to reason why; it was not for him to make reply, the ring said move, and that was the end of the sentence. Now this man Slaughter, come to figure on it, no slouch. He got more out of Morris et al. than any of them—got a hard job. You see he will have to defend the bunch, and the Supreme Court in the newspaper, and it's awfully hard to construct a defense out of guilt. Slaughter is a bully little sawed-off, though. Hospitable and bright as a silver dollar fresh from the mint. If he had free reins he would make a hummer out of The Journal, but a fellow tied down, like he is, with overseers, hasn't a fighting chance to show what's in him. Turn Slaughter loose without halter or bridle, on the pike, and he'd throw dust in their eyes. But they will never let him trot against time, so this sawed-off and boiled-down son of the Blue Grass State will just naturally have to jog along, with hobbles—just simply stand in the batter's box and hit out fungi flies for the others to catch. I wish they would say to Slaughter—"Say, bub, never mind us, just cut loose with your insights." If they did, and meant it, well, Slaughter would be Slaughter, and that means he would sustain his "rep" as a three hundred hitter.

I was over to Baltimore last week, for a day, and let me tell you there's a ginger in that councilmanic fight over there around Druid Hill avenue. Harry Cummings has got his coat off and sleeves rolled up, and making a Thermoplaic stand, and his antagonists are making a Harvard rush on him. It's an even bet as to who will win out. Harry ought to have the edge, because he's in, but he hasn't. I talked with several, and they all said it was a close fight with nobody a favorite in the pools. Harry's a good fighter, and may win out, but if he does he'll know he was in a fight. I'm going over again this week. Baltimore is not a bad town, even if they do favor segregation. Colored people over there are full of hospitality—I never spent a cent—and like to entertain visitors. If there is one thing I do not on it is to be entertained. John Dancy and I are one on this proposition.

## GRATEFUL CITIZENS.

Thanks to Senator Curtis.

## Editor Bee:

Please allow me space in your widely read and newsy paper to emphasize the splendid services of Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, in behalf of the Negro during the closing days of the session of Congress recently adjourned.

Under our representative form of government, so forcefully described by Abraham Lincoln in his Gettysburg speech as "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," the process of selection for public trust and service is a serious and far-reaching responsibility. That Americans generally recognize and appreciate this fact is attested by the long line of patriotic officers and statesmen who have devoted the best of their life and service to the substantial growth and perpetuity of this great country.

The period between the Revolution and the civil war discloses many names which make illustrious the pages of our earlier history, while shining forth with a brilliance which intensifies with the passing of the years are many others which enrich the story of American progress from Emancipation to the present time. The heroes of this era were men of brain and determined will; of lofty ideals and noble purpose; men of moral courage as to lead them to hesitate not to champion the right, even though their political or private fortunes should suffer by the issue.

The men who are typical of this class are loved and revered in every cabin or more pretentious dwelling, where Negro citizens make their homes, wherever found in any section of our broad land.

Negroes can never forget the last words of the immortal Sumner, "Don't let the civil rights bill fail!" and while the cause of justice and human liberty in America cannot boast another so aggressive a champion, still it is encouraging to know that there yet remain strong men in public life who have honest convictions, and even though such sentiments be not popular, who have the courage to boldly express them. Such an instance occurred in the United States Senate a few days ago when Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, on the subject of a constitutional amendment for the election of Senators by direct vote, spoke with force and eloquence against the unfair provisions with which it was burdened and which were aimed directly against the manhood rights of Negro citizens.

Senator Curtis said in part: "As one of the Senators from the State of Kansas, the child of freedom, the home of old John Brown, the 'advance agent of liberty,' who gave his life to hasten the conflict which resulted in freeing the slaves, I cannot support the rider or joker placed in the resolution by a majority of the committee."

All honor to the Senator for this bold and noble stand, and all honor to the Negro citizens of Kansas for their wisdom in voting for this brave standard-bearer of human rights.

The whole Negro race is grateful to Senator Curtis, and urges it upon their brothers in Kansas, even as their religious duty, to see to it that he continues to represent them in the Senate of the United States, where he can be an element of protection in the preservation of the rights of ten millions of loyal American citizens.

Senator Curtis takes his place among the apostles of liberty who wrought so faithfully in the years succeeding the civil war.

What duty more sublime or heritage more noble?

In matters locally important to Negroes in the District of Columbia this Senator has stood like a wall of adamant in favor of every privilege or benefit that by right of citizenship should adhere to black as well as white.

In the recent bill appropriating funds for District schools, a just and equitable apportionment was had largely through the firm insistence of Senator Curtis.

Long may the American people, especially the Negro part of it, rejoice in the service of Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas.

JOHN H. PAYNTER.

## NO LANGSTON PORTRAIT YET.

Little Patriotism of Friends—Report of Treasurer.

## Editor Washington Bee:

Dear Sir: Sometime ago some reference was made in your columns to the efforts made by a few gentlemen of this city to raise a small fund for the purchase of an oil portrait of the late John Mercer Langston, to be presented to the library of Howard University. Partly in reply to that reference and partly because the public, to whom we made the appeal, are entitled to know the extent of our success, I am sending you the enclosed report of the treasurer, Prof. Geo. Wm. Cook, secretary of Howard University.

It should here be stated that the project referred to had its origin in a private conversation between Prof. Geo. W. Cook and one of the hereinafter named contributors, one evening in the University library, while they were viewing other portraits already in place on the walls of the library. It was Prof. Cook's suggestion that it would be a fine recognition of Prof. Langston's services to the University, as well as of his distinguished service to his country, to have his portrait in oil placed in the library along with the late Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips and others of that class of Americans. Shortly afterward a few gentlemen met together with a view to devising some plan for getting the portrait. It was unanimously decided that an appeal should be made to the alumni and friends of the University, and that each person would be asked to limit his subscription to one dollar, the idea being to popularize the project and quickly complete it. A small organization was effected, committees appointed, and the literature required to present the appeal was ordered printed. This was promptly done, and the secretary mailed more than 300 circular letters to persons whose names were handed to him. Up to the present time only the following persons have responded, and nearly in the order named:

Henry E. Baker	\$1.00
Mrs. E. A. Hackley and Dr. J. R. Francis (through H. E. Baker)	2.00
Cyrus J. Adams	1.00
E. W. Turner	1.00
Francis J. Grimké	1.00
Walter H. Brooks	1.00
Thomas H. Wright	1.00
A. Pierre Albert	1.00
Geo. Wm. Cook	1.00
W. S. Rucker, Atlanta, Ga.	1.00

Total collected to date..... \$11.00  
Of this amount the following payments have been made:

To Geo. H. DeReef, secretary, for postage..... \$3.32  
To R. L. Pendleton for printing and furnishing material, letter heads, receipt blanks and return envelopes..... 8.25

Total..... \$11.57  
The persons selected to serve officially in the organized committee are the following: Mr. Thomas L. Jones, president, formerly law partner of Mr. Langston; Mr. W. Calvin Chase, chairman, executive committee; Prof. Geo. W. Cook, treasurer; Mr. Geo. H. DeReef, secretary.

There have been some persistent and repeated promises, but the ones who have paid are all named above, so far as I know.

Very respectfully,

HENRY E. BAKER.

## River Queen.

Dates are now opened for the season of 1911 for the River Queen. Col. Lewis Jefferson, who has always catered to the wishes of the people, and Mr. Bensinger, who never fails to do what he can to please the citizens, have made extensive improvements to the grounds and places under their supervision where the boat will run this summer. There should be no hesitancy in selecting your dates for the excursion season. Now is the time, and the old saying is, delays are dangerous. Col. Lewis Jefferson is well prepared to meet all demands. He has always given the people of this city first-class accommodation. He endeavors to please the people regardless of expense. Every park under the supervision of Col. Jefferson has been improved, which will make the season of 1911 one of pleasure and satisfaction to the patrons of this boat.

Apply at the wharf and make your dates.





You want your prescriptions carefully and accurately filled from the best drugs obtainable at the most reasonable price. Then patronize the drug stores of Board & McGuire at 1912 1/2 Fourteenth street northwest and at Ninth and U streets northwest. Four graduates in pharmacy regularly employed. You get quality and service of the best.

Mrs. Isadora Letcher, assisted by her sister, Miss Lennie Jackson, of Harrisburg, Pa., entertained at a stag party in honor of her husband, Mr. Eugene B. Letcher, at their residence, 1835 Fifth street northwest, on Tuesday evening, March 7. Those present were Messrs. Eugene B. Letcher, Harry Wade, Frank Johnson, William H. Mason, Boone, Brown, Bradley, Smith and Beckwith.

Mrs. Lustrina Stephenson, of Keyville, Va., arrived here this week. During her stay she will be the guest of Mrs. Eliza J. Mason and Mrs. Farquena A. Middleton.

If you want pure and fresh drugs, go to Morse's drug store, Twentieth and L streets northwest.

Miss A. L. Waytes, of New York, addressed the theological class, also Prof. Miller's class in sociology, at Howard University on Monday morning. Both classes were much impressed with the speaker, as she spoke of the conditions which confronted the men and women of to-day. At 3 p. m. Sunday the speaker addressed the Ebenezer Church, Georgetown, and at 8:30 p. m. spoke to an appreciative audience. The Bible class of Howard University was favored with an interesting address from her on Friday evening.

Misses Wright, Clara Church and Emma Hill, of this city, enjoyed a very pleasant trip to Baltimore recently.

Messrs. J. H. Green and Frank Wright, of Baltimore, Md., are spending several days here.

Mr. J. Frank Blagham visited Baltimore last week.

Mrs. George Cook has returned to this city after a delightful visit to Harrisburg, Pa.

The many friends of Miss Bessie Patterson, formerly of this city, are glad to learn of her success in music in Austin, Tex.

Nothing funny about it. People just like to deal at the drug stores of Board & McGuire at 1912 1/2 Fourteenth street northwest and at Ninth and U streets northwest, two places "where everybody meets everybody else" for the most delicious ice-cream soda in the city.

A reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Jackson, 327 West Fourteenth street, Harrisburg, Pa., on Monday, March 6, in honor of Mrs. George Cook, of this city, who was there visiting.

Misses Bertha Roberts and Bertha Brown have returned to this city from Richmond, Va.

Mr. Jefferson Clark is visiting in Mobile and Selma, Ala.

Dr. I. Toliver, of this city, is in Covington, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cabel, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are visiting friends here. Before returning home they will visit Philadelphia and New York City.

Rev. C. C. Alleyne is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Washington in Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. Bessie Pollard, of Jersey City, is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Rachel Brooks spent the early part of last week at Philadelphia.

Mrs. Thomas Christian has returned to her home in Boston after spending a delightful winter here and in North Carolina.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Dr. Bosfield and Dr. Barnett passed through this city last week, en route to South America, where they will resume practice.

Many Baltimoreans attended the indoor athletic meet at Convention Hall last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Helen A. Davis, the wife of the late Judge Davis, of Maine, who has been quite ill at home, is able to be up and out again.

Miss Emma F. G. Merritt, who has been ill with a severe cold, and her mother, who has also been sick, are well and up again.

Mrs. Adeline McCabe is now living in New York.

Attorney A. W. Scott has been invited to speak in New York City next month. He will go if his business will permit him.

Bring your job work to The Bee office, or address W. Calvin Chase, Jr., 1109 Eye street N. W., or 1212 Florida avenue N. W.

Mr. Emmett J. Scott, of Tuskegee, Ala., will be in the city in a few days.

Mrs. R. C. Bruce, who has been so ill at her home, is slowly improving. It is hoped by her friends that she will be out soon.

Mrs. Florence Marshall, of Capitol Hill, who has been dangerously ill for the last ten weeks with appendicitis, is improving rapidly after a severe operation. Mrs. Annie Evans, mother of Mrs. Marshall, has returned to Annapolis, Md., since her daughter had failed to leave her room. The March social of the Entertainment

ment Committee of the C. Y. W. C. A. will be made interesting by Dr. Lucy E. Moten in a travelogue. Miss Louise B. Howard will be at the piano. All are welcome, strangers especially. The social begins at 8 o'clock at the home, 429 T street.

The finest cigars in the city are sold at Morse's, drug store, Twentieth and L streets northwest.

#### Bachelor's Club.

There is to be organized shortly a bachelor's club, to be composed of some of the leading men in law and business. The club will be composed of such men as Ben and Aaron Gaskins, Harry A. Clark, John E. Collins, W. L. Pollard, Hennens, Robert L. Waring, Royal Hughes and others who have more regard for single happiness than married life. The membership of the club will be increased from time to time. A constitution and by-laws will be adopted as soon as these gentlemen meet. Following the organization of this club will be a young maid's club, which will be composed of the beauties of the city.

#### The Panama Canal.

Prof. Dyson, of Howard University, gave an interesting and instructive lecture on the Panama Canal last Friday evening in Rankin Memorial Chapel, under the auspices of the Commercial Club of Howard University. A large and appreciative audience heard him.

Judge Terrell in introducing Mr. Dyson, referred to the fact that when the Suez Canal was completed in 1869 there was a young colored Yale graduate like Prof. Dyson to deliver such a lecture before an appreciative colored audience. He spoke also of how Prof. Dyson has made good as a citizen of the Capital of the Nation.

The lecture was well illustrated with 100 choice lantern slides.

#### G. U. O. of O. F. Anniversary.

The Rising Sun Lodge, No. 1305, Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, celebrated its forty-third anniversary by appropriate exercises at Zion Baptist Church, F street Southwest, at 8 o'clock P. M., Sunday last. The program was as follows:

Organ Voluntary—Mrs. Jennie Broadus.

Anthem (Selected)—Choir.

Scriptural Reading—Rev. Luke D. Best, P. N. F.

Prayer—Joseph Manning, M. V. P.

History of the Lodge—Geo. F. Collins, P. N. F. and P. S. of the lodge.

Anthem (Selected)—Choir.

Anniversary Sermon—Rev. W. J. Hubbard, M. V. P.

Prayer—B. J. Tyler, M. V. P.

Vocal Solo (Selected)—J. H. Carroll, N. F.

Poem—M. T. Clinkscales, P. N. F.

Collection—Andrew Johnson, P. N. F., Root of David Lodge, No. 5414, and J. B. Askins, Past D. G. M., Green Mountain Lodge, 1477.

Master of Ceremonies—W. C. Martin, Past D. G. M.

The officers of the lodge are as follows: N. G., J. F. Brooks; V. G., F. D. Ashton; N. F., J. H. Carroll; P. N. G., Robt. Hayden; P. S., Geo. F. Collins; E. S., Jas. Ruffin; treasurer, W. J. Howard; chaplain, Jos. Manning; P. N. F., Jno. Williams; P. N. F., T. E. Clifford; R. S. to N. G., Jas. Barber; L. S. to N. G., T. Bailey; R. S. to V. G., J. B. Lacey; L. S. to V. G., J. Marlow; I. G., Edward Washington; warder, J. J. Reenes; advocate, M. T. Clinkscales; delegate, O. H. Association, W. C. Martin; marshal, E. Cunningham, P. G. M.

The members of the Phyllis Wheatley Household of Ruth, No. 2203, which was organized and instituted under the supervision of the Rising Sun Lodge, were present in a body. The officers of the Household are as follows: M. N. G., E. Brooks; P. M. N. G., M. Lemans; N. G., M. T. Lery; R. N. G., Annie White; treasurer, Stafford Parker; W. R., Grace Lacey; W. P., Georgia Gaskins; W. C., E. Cunningham; R. S. S., M. E. Lee; L. S. S., F. Burnett; R. J. S., E. Wright; L. J. S., B. Turner; W. C. N. Burnett; W. U. C. Jones; marshal, R. Jackson, P. N. F.

Trustees—Lois Kelley, Mattie Campbell and Lillie Pierce.

Delegate to O. H. Association—Lillian Evans.

The sermon by Dr. Howard was logical and edifying. The history of the lodge, by P. S. Collins, showed remarkable progress of the lodge financially and otherwise, since its institution, February 28, 1868.

The Odd Fellows' Marching Club, of the District of Columbia, was present, and the fine appearance of its members was the subject of general and favorable comment.

There were many prominent visitors and members of the order present, and among those introduced by the master of ceremonies were P. M. V. P. Thomas H. Wright, president of the O. H. Association; P. M. V. P. Fisher and Swan, captains of Companies A and B, respectively, Washington, D. C. Patriarch No. 18; Past D. G. M. S. J. H. Coleman and J. B. Askins, F. Powell, D. M. N. G., and M. Murray, D. H. Treasurer.

The success of the exercises was largely due to Messrs. J. H. Lee, Henry Edmunds, J. F. Brooks, J. H. Carroll and Jas. Ruffin, the committee on arrangements.

#### West Washington News.

The Young Ladies' Immediate Relief Association will have their annual sermon preached Sunday evening at Mt. Zion M. E. Church, Twenty-ninth street northwest.

The Sunday school of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, O street northwest, observed Ladies' Day Sunday afternoon. Addresses were delivered by Mrs. A. L. T. Wyatt, of the Boody Bible Institute of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Anna Wadleton, of the Metropolitan A. M. E. school, and an excellent program was presented under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Benn.

The installation services of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew Chapter took place Sunday afternoon at Mt. Zion M. E. Church. The pastor, Rev. D. W. Hayes, installed the officers as follows: Mr. William Douglass, President; Mr. A. Williams, Vice President; Mr. William Watts, Secretary. The Chapter is largely attended and accomplishing much good in this section.

The Epworth League of Mt. Zion M. E. Church on Sunday afternoon was addressed by Dr. U. G. Martin. Miss Buleah Mitchell, presiding, presented the speaker, who is now a resident physician of the West End.

The Heliotrope Circle celebrated their twenty-second anniversary Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. E. Holt, 2518 P street northwest. An excellent musical program was rendered, with several recitations and a history of the Circle, which was read by Miss M. Morgan. The hostess of the evening was Mrs. E. Holt, who invited the guests into the dining-room to a delightful spread, which was enjoyed by them. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lewis, Mrs. Alice Johnson, Mrs. Anna Boyd, Mrs. Maggie Thomas, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Mrs. M. Howard, Mrs. L. Palmer, Mr. R. Foster, Mrs. H. Morgan, Miss Nannie Smith, Messrs. L. N. Harris, J. Quander, H. Morgan, Jas. L. Turner and James Smith.

Union Light Lodge, No. 1965, G. U. O. of O. F., West Washington, D. C., will celebrate its thirty-first anniversary at Union Wesley A. M. E. Church, Twenty-third street northwest, to-morrow at 8 p. m. Rev. William H. Ferguson will preach the anniversary sermon. Ex-Grand Director James L. Turner will act as master of ceremonies. Henry N. Bowles will read the history of the Lodge. The members of the Order will assemble in the basement of the church at 7 p. m. District Grand Master Pollard and his Executive Board, including ex-Grand Master William L. Huston, have been invited in honor of the occasion.

#### Fairmount Heights.

On Tuesday night, March 7, 1911, the Fairmount Heights Mutual Improvement Company held its annual election for the year 1911-1912. Mr. W. Sidney Pittman was re-elected President; Dr. W. W. Jones re-elected Vice President; Mr. James F. Armstrong was elected Secretary, to succeed Mr. Charles E. Payne; Mr. R. W. Gilliam was elected Treasurer, to succeed Mr. Walter S. Crouse; Mr. Walter S. Crouse was elected Business Manager, to succeed Mr. James F. Armstrong, and Mr. M. Charity was elected Attorney, to succeed Mr. R. W. Gilliam.

The Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association, of which Sergt. Frank Coalman is President, and Mr. James A. Campbell Secretary, is planning to hold a banner meeting March 28, 1911. This Association, with Capital Heights Citizens' Association, has just let the contract for building a waiting station at Sixty-first and C streets northeast. The Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association also has before it the matter of erecting a two-story public school building, for which it secured a levy of \$2,500 from the authorities of Prince George County, Md. The entire credit for these substantial improvements is due to the Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association, under the leadership of their worthy Presidents. The living ex-Presidents of this Association are Prof. W. D. Nixon, teacher in the M Street High School; Mr. W. Sidney Pittman, the noted architect, and Rev. A. H. Strother, the founder of the First Baptist Church in Fairmount Heights. With the newly-elected President, the Association hopes to do much for the community.

#### BARGAIN WEEK AT THE HOWARD

The management takes great pleasure in announcing that owing to the great success of the Black Patti Show, they have arranged with Mr. Voekel, the manager and owner of this great company, to remain another week. As a courtesy to the patrons and the management, consent has been obtained to play at reduced prices, giving all an opportunity to see this great aggregation. New features will be presented nightly.

#### Black Patti.

The most successful engagement that Madame Sisseretta Jones, otherwise Black Patti, has ever had has been at the Howard Theater this week. Madame Jones' first introduction to the people of this city was made by the late Gov. Martin at the Asbury Church. To-day she is a star and drawing-card wherever she goes. She is ably assisted by Mr. John Larkins, as Ras Jenkins and King Rastus; Al. F. Watts, Miss Jennie Pearl, Lewis Hunter and others. The choir uses were very good. The jungle drill was a very happy feature in the show. Mr. Frank Sutton and Miss Ruby Taylor are great acquisitions to the company. Madame Jones is just the same to-day as she was twenty years ago. She is remarkably preserved. Her carriage is erect, dignified and charming. Her diamonds are shown to an advantage. They are brilliant. John Larkin is one of the most clever actors upon the American stage. He reminds one of the late Ernest Hogan. He is natural as well as funny, and keeps his audience in a continuous roar of laughter. Those who have not seen the show should not fail to go, as it will be at the Howard next week.

W. Calvin Chase, Jr. Nathan Nesbitt  
CORNET CLARINET

Music Furnished For  
All Occasions

—THE—

Wilberforcean Orchestra

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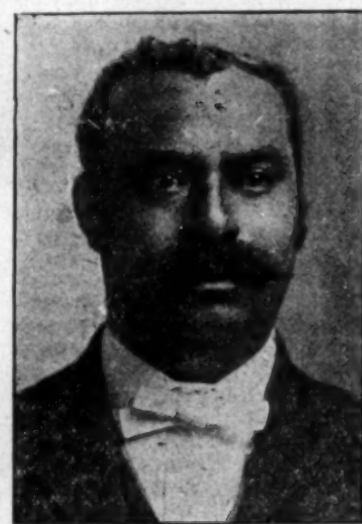
Mr. Preston, VIOLA

INSPECTOR GENERAL ENTERTAINERS.

Grand Master E. H. Morris Guest of Honor—An Elaborately-Prepared Dinner, Music and Speeches.

One of the most elaborately-prepared dinners that has ever been served at any private function was the dinner last Monday evening by Inspector General James O. Holmes at his most elegantly-appointed residence, 811 Twenty-first street northwest. The occasion was a dinner to Grand Master Edward H. Morris, of Chicago, Ill., Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of the United States. Mr. Morris and Editor Henry P. Slaughter, of the Odd Fellows Journal, who had been in Philadelphia, Pa., all day on business in connection with the Order, arrived in the city Monday evening over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and accompanied by Editor Henry P. Slaughter, and repaired to the palatial residence of Mr. Holmes, where the Grand Master and his escort were greeted by the host, Mr. Holmes; ex-Grand Master W. L. Houston, Mr. David H. Warner, Recorder H. L. Johnson and Mr. W. Calvin Chase. The parlor was gorgeously decorated with palms and flowers, and prior to the guests being invited to the dining-room, sweet strains of music poured forth, which reminded one of that sentiment which gives vigor to the body and repose to the heart, "Music has its charms; it harmonizes mankind, softens the rude and calms the boisterous mind."

The guests having been invited to repair to the beautifully-illuminated dining-room, where a most artistic table was set, lavishly decorated with cut-flowers, and in the center of the table were bunches of forget-me-nots. The dinner was prepared and served



MR. J. ORTWAY HOLMES.

in courses by Mrs. Ella Sewell, a member of the Household of Ruth. Mrs. Sewell spared neither pains nor labor in making the occasion one that will never be forgotten by those present. She is an adept and an honor to the Household of Ruth, and the encomiums that were bestowed upon Mrs. Sewell were no more than what she deserved.

At the conclusion of the well-prepared repast, Mr. David Warner, who acted as toastmaster, introduced the guest of honor, Mr. Morris, who made one of those witty speeches that always elicits applause and merriment. The next speaker was the Recorder of Deeds, Mr. Henry Lincoln Johnson, who, in his usual matter-of-fact manner, caused a continuous roar of laughter. He was followed by Mr. W. Calvin Chase, after which Editor Henry P. Slaughter was introduced, and the host, Mr. James O. Holmes, said that it gave him pleasure to be able to entertain the Grand Master of Odd Fellows, Mr. Morris, for whom he had the highest regard and consideration. He referred to the time that he first met the Grand Master and how his appreciation and respect had grown for him. Complimented, ex-Grand Master Houston wished for him, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Odd Fellows, success. Grand Master Morris suggested that Mr. Houston speak, because he wished for him a life tenure of office. Judge Houston made a very timely response. The toastmaster's remarks were full of humor and agreeableness.

Many high compliments were paid Grand Master Morris, who will leave for Japan and other great countries of the world shortly. He left Tuesday morning for Chicago, Ill., with fond memories of the dinner to his honor by the Inspector General of Odd Fellows.

#### Aida Overton Walker.

Aida Overton Walker, the clever singing and dancing comedienne, who has been engaged this season by Messrs. Barton and Wiswell to support S. H. Dudley, of "The Smart Set" company, which is the current attraction at the Howard Theater, has three little nephews who are very fond of apples. Their ages range from five to eleven years, and they

!!War On Prices!!

HOWARD THEATRE  
ONE WEEK MORE MCH. 20 to 25

Black Patti SHOW

MATINEES 25 cents  
NIGHTS 25 & 50 cents  
NO HIGHER

ENTIRELY NEW FEATURES THIS WEEK

1000 Seats 25c

New Features Nightly

COMING BACK SOON

The Show That Can Always  
COME BACK

The SMART SET

—WITH—

S. H. Dudley

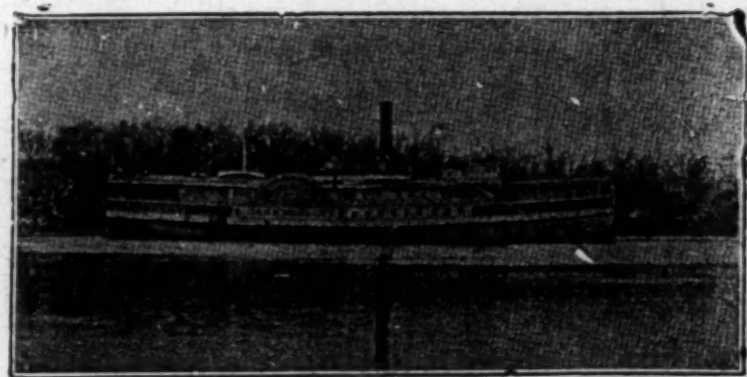
Aida Overton Walker

AND

40 ASSOCIATE 40  
PLAYERS

WATCH & WAIT

River Queen  
SEASON OF 1911  
SECURE DATES



The River Queen is a safe as well as clean boat. It is the boat for the people. Up-to-date service will be given to all patrons of this boat. Every wharf where the boat lands is safe and the parks are well lighted and the people well protected from the weather.

OFFICE AT WHARF

are very bright. One day their mother placed a barrel of russets in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat.

When the mother, whose name is Carlin, sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of her boys drew closer together, but the third, a little distance off, lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, and apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jim, Tom and Albert!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "didn't I tell you not to touch the fruit? What have you all been doing?"

"We know that, mamma," replied Albert, the eldest, "but you see we are not really eating them. We are just

playing the Garden of Eden. Tom and myself are Adam and Eve and Jim over there is the serpent trying to lead us to our downfall by showing how good the apples are."

"But," persisted Mrs. Carlin, "you two must have been eating apples. Jim hasn't done it all, because I see as many as ten cores around you."

"That's all right," replied Tom with a chuckle, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

#### Will Get a Large Sum.

Attorney Thomas L. Jones, who has some land up on Meridian Hill, will realize several thousand dollars by the recent condemnation of property in that vicinity.



## CHATS ON MUSIC AND MUSIC STUDY.

S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR.

By J. Hillary Taylor.

### The Man.

Among the five races of people striving for supremacy in intellectual development, the Negro or black race is destined to and is sure to leave an indelible stamp upon the ever-interesting pages of racial history. That many such impressions have already been made is strongly recognized by all honest and impartial writers and historians.

Phyllis Wheatley, fresh from the shores of Africa, and thrown among Americans of refinement and culture, proved what lies dormant in the ebony skins of those who hunger and thirst after enlightenment. Frederick Douglass, though born a slave, died a world-renowned orator, and was one of the most potent forces that labored for the breaking of those chains that held our people in bondage. H. O. Tanner, in painting, has blazed immortal images on the scroll of time. It was left to Paul Lawrence Dunbar to catch the spirit of tradition and preserve the beautiful dialect, myths and fables of the American Negro that found their birth during the darker days. Booker T. Washington, of our own time, has harnessed the secrets of industrial training and its wonderful influence on a new and striving people to the extent that his works have already won for him an imperishable name. Beginning with a shed, he now has a school that is practically a city. It has been given to but few individuals, white or black, to have won the respect and good will of all nationalities as has this "Moses of the black race." These names are a few of the most illustrious who have proved conclusively that all the Negro needs is a fair chance and he will "make good" in most any line of racial development.

After thinking over the strong characters above mentioned, we have our claims to recognition, more indelibly yet, stamped upon the pages of history by the doings and works of S. Coleridge Taylor, the first great Negro composer. S. Coleridge Taylor was born in London, England, in 1875. His father was a full-blooded African, who received his education in the medical profession in London. He married an English woman, and the subject of our sketch is the happy result of this union. When only a little child, Coleridge began to display a wonderful talent for music, and at an early age began the study of the violin under Joseph Beckwith, who taught him for about seven years. About this period, Col. Herbert A. Walters became interested in him and paid for the remainder of his education. In 1893 he won a free scholarship in open competition which entitled him to three years' instruction at the Royal College of Music. Another year supplemented this three, which, with the three he had spent in the college prior to winning the scholarship, made him spend seven years as a student in the Royal College of Music. This shows that, though greatly talented, he felt that one should have a long and severe professional training before entering upon the stage of life—a thought well worth pondering over. That this boy showed precocity in his musical development is proven by the fact that he had not been studying at the Royal College for more than one year when he had written a composition for strings that his composition teacher, Dr. C. Villers Stanford, thought had enough merit to have it performed in public.

### His Works.

On November 11, 1898, the first number from his great "Hiawatha Trilogy," composed while he was yet a student, was performed at a students' concert at the Royal College of Music and met with immediate success. It was afterwards produced by several of England's leading choral societies. His fresh, original melodies, ingenious rhythms, simple themes, grand and noble harmonic development, rich and ever enchanting modulations, not only caught the hearts of his auditors, but also those of his many critics. Taylor's great work, "Hiawatha's Trilogy," was not planned at first as a whole and continuous composition. "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," of which I have spoken, was first produced November 11, 1898.

In response to a special invitation of the committee of the North Staffordshire Musical Festival "The Death of Minnehaha" was written and produced under the composer's own direction at Hanley October 26, 1899. This part met with the same and possibly more flattering success than the former. The third section or part, "Hiawatha's Departure," combined with the other two sections, were produced together, making the great "Hiawatha Trilogy," at Royal Albert Hall, London, March 22, 1900, the composer himself conducting. This triple production, known generally as the "Hiawatha Trilogy," is considered by many critics the composer's masterpiece.

A work of great beauty. The overture to the "Song of Hiawatha," for full orchestra, a distinct work from those mentioned, was performed at the Norwich Musical Festival of 1899, for which it was especially composed. Other noted works that have been produced in England are "Ballade in A Minor," performed at Gloucester Festival of 1898; "Meg Blane," an orchestral and choral rhapsody, was conducted by the composer at the Sheffield Musical Festival in 1902.

His soul-inspiring sacred cantata "The Atonement" was given at Hereford Festival, September 9, 1903, the composer conducting. This grand work was also admirably produced on April 18, 1906, by the S. Coleridge Taylor Choral Society of Washington,

D. C., under the baton of Prof. John T. Layton.

Speaking of this last production at Washington brings to mind one of the grandest renditions the "Trilogy" has had, which occurred November 16, 1904, at Convention Hall, Washington, D. C. S. Coleridge Taylor, at the invitation of this great society, came to America and personally directed this notable rendition. The chorus, which was taught and drilled by Prof. John T. Layton, numbered about 200 fine voices, and it was supported on this occasion by a full orchestra. One who saw the glorious sight and heard those wonderful strains could never forget the occasion. On the evening following this great event the same society produced for the first time Coleridge Taylor's three grand choral ballads, which were dedicated and especially written for it. They were "Beside the Ungathered Rice He Lay," "He Dwelt by Great Seneca's Side," and "Loud He Sang the Song of David." The poems were written by Longfellow.

Other works by Coleridge Taylor are: "Blind Girl of Castel Cullee," words by Longfellow; "Quintet for Clarinet and Strings," Op. 6; "Sorrow Songs," Op. 57, poems by Rosetti; "Nonet for Pianoforte, Strings and Wind," Op. 3; "Symphony in A Minor," Op. 7; "Solemn Prelude for Orchestra," Op. 40; "African Rhythms," Op. 17; "African Suite," Op. 35; "Twenty-four Negro Melodies," transcribed by S. Coleridge Taylor. This last-mentioned work should be in the library of every earnest Negro pianist and musician, as in this work Mr. Taylor has shown his great love for things racial and has put harmonies to these simple and yet great folk melodies that bring them up to

make them in time standard concert numbers. Aside from the works mentioned, he has written many songs, anthems, string and piano compositions that space will not permit me to list. He has also scored much success in writing the music to the great theatrical productions given under the direction of the renowned English actor, Beerbohm Tree.

### International Reputation.

Though Mr. Taylor is now only 36 years of age, he has to his credit an international reputation of which any white musician, however great, would not be ashamed to possess. Louis C. Elson, a great critic, writing of Taylor and his great book, "Twenty-four Negro Melodies," says:

"In every phase of conversation Mr. Coleridge Taylor impressed me as being a man of all-round intelligence." Booker T. Washington, in his fine preface to the same volume, says: "It is especially gratifying at this time, when interest in the plantation songs seems to be dying out with the generation that gave them birth, when the Negro song is in too many minds associated with 'rag' music and the more reprehensible 'coon' song, that the most cultivated musician of his race, a man of the highest esthetic ideals, should seek to give permanence to the folk songs of his people by giving them a new interpretation and an added dignity."

Mr. Thomas Tapper, the erudite writer, theorist and lecturer, in the editorials of the *Musicalian* for October, 1904, writes in the following strain: "Personally, Coleridge Taylor is a man who makes a distinct impression of earnestness and enthusiasm. He folk melodies that bring them up to

as being 'fully alive.' His conversation is rapid; his listening faculty well developed; his desire for knowledge is constantly in evidence, and yet the fundamental impression is that here is a sincere, simple, earnest man, who loves his art and is happy beyond telling that he may, as Jacob of old, serve.

From these few estimates, given at random, we see that Mr. Taylor has planted the flag securely upon the musical shores of time.

### Lessons from His Life.

In summing up the accomplishments of this great and renowned Negro musician, who has over 75 published works to his credit; who has met with the most flattering critical notices from the greatest critics; who has mastered the violin, harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, form and all the other varied subjects that go to make up a thorough musician; who has traveled extensively and met musicians of all climes; who has made an imperishable reputation as a composer, conductor, teacher and violinist, we are delighted to say he has not lost his head. Modesty, sincerity, manliness, hospitality and friendliness seem stamped indelibly in his noble character. Read between the lines, students and musicians. Though a genius of the first order, yet he found it necessary to get a broad musical training as a foundation upon which to erect his wonderful musical mansions. Let every musician of our race emulate his example, labor as he has, with noble and worthy ideals ever in the front, and the wonderful art that he has so grandly beautified will advance still more rapidly, and as time rolls on, who knows that we may not be able to discover a second, third or fourth Coleridge Taylor, but all of whom will speak as he does, in each one's own original and peculiar manner.

## RESERVE HORSES FOR WAR.

Switzerland's Remarkable Method of Preparing For Rapid Mobilization of Her Troops.

In Switzerland the state is part owner of horses used by reserves. It purchases a remount at three and a half years old, and the soldier pays half the cost of the horse to the government, together with the difference between its cost and the price that the horse fetches at auction, for all horses are sold by auction to the men.

After every year of training the government refunds one-tenth of the original half cost to the man, and at the end of ten years the horse becomes the absolute property of the soldier. In this manner the soldier is not only always well mounted, but as he keeps his horse with him at his home his mobilization problem is of the simplest nature.

The average price of these Swiss troop horses is about £45, says *Bally's Magazine*, and as most of these horses are imported from Ireland and north Germany their price is considerably higher than it would be in Great Britain. Thus the state secures the services of a horse for an annual outlay of about £4 10s. But there are certain other expenses which must be included in this estimate, such as the cost of the establishment for remount depots, etc., which raises the total cost of horses for the Swiss government to about £8 12s. a year.

## ROADS IN CHINA.

They Are Narrow and Crooked and Edged With Ditches.

The Chinese road is private property, a strip taken from somebody's land. This is done much against the will of the owner, since he not only loses the use of it, but also still has to pay taxes on it.

One consequence is that it is wide enough for only one vehicle, and carts can pass one another only by trespassing on the cultivated land. To prevent this the farmers dig deep ditches by the roadside. As the surface wears away and the dust blows off it gradually grows lower, and after awhile it becomes a drain for the surrounding fields. A current forms in the rainy season, which still further hollows it out, and thus has arisen the proverb that a road a thousand years old becomes a river.

Those whose lands are used for roads naturally prefer to have the roads run along the edge of their farms instead of cutting across them, and this accounts for the fact that Chinese roads are often so crooked that one may have to go a considerable distance to reach a place that is in reality but a few miles away. This always interests the stranger.

### Only Pursuing His Profession.

A Brooklyn magistrate recently had four dinkies who were caught in a gambling raid before him. The first of the lot to be brought to the bar was an undersized man, with a comical face as black as night. The dialogue between the magistrate and the prisoner created some merriment in the court.

"What is your name?" inquired the magistrate sternly.

"Mah name's Smiff," replied the dinky.

"What is your profession?"

"I's a locksmith by trade, sah."

"What were you doing when the police broke into the room last night?"

"Judge, I was pursuin' mah profession. I was makin' a bolt for the door."

"Officer," said the magistrate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "lock Smith up."—*New York Tribune*.

### The Art of Overlooking.

Nobody can live long in the world and not admit that the words "nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned, but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past costs.

If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind. We have afforded it; we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.—*London Spectator*.

### How She Rules Him.

"Skimpin' wife certainly has remarkable success in managing him. I wonder how she does it."

"When he undertakes to deny her anything she really wants she threatens to sue him for divorce."

"Does he care so much for her, then?"

"Oh, no, it's not that, but he figures that it is cheaper to let her have her own way than it would be to either defend the suit or pay alimony."—*Chicago Post*.

### A Bad Start.

"A man always looks foolish when he proposes," said the frank young woman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "and I have evidently failed to overcome the absurd impression I made on Henrietta on that occasion."—*Washington Star*.

### Social Paradox.

"It's impossible for me to dress on \$5,000 a year."

"Well, my love, you must wear less."

"Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs."—*Judge's Library*.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—*H. W. Shaw*.

## HIS CONTRIBUTION

By MARTHA HOTCHKISS

Mr. Keating was a young man who had a natural gift as a financial operator. Only twenty-six years old, he had carried through several deals in stocks. He had met Miss Ethel Lamb, who was quite willing to marry him. Not that he had asked her, for he had not; he wished to get himself in better financial shape before doing so.

"Mr. Keating," she said to him one evening, "I am so anxious to make a little money. I want it for a certain purpose. It's something I can't tell you about, for I have promised not to tell any one. You see, there are several of us interested in it, and I would not be justified in telling their secret."

"Certainly not. Some social move, I suppose?"

"No, it's not social."

"Oh, you are going in for some of these fads the rich women are taking up—woman voting, helping women operatives who strike or something of that kind?"

"Nothing of the sort. I see you have got a wrong impression entirely, so I'll have to tell you."

And she did. They were going to endow a colored church.

"That's a laudable object, and I'd be very mean not to help you. Would a hundred dollars do?"

"We wish to make ten thousand. Now, it seems to me that if you would give us a—what do you call it?"

"A tip?"

"Yes; a tip when some stock you are going to make money in is going up, so that we can buy some of it. We can make all we want."

"In one fell swoop."

"Yes, that's it. Without having to beg it in little lots, get up fairs and all that sort of thing."

"Very well. I'm thinking of a little scheme now. If it comes to anything I'll let you know."

Not long after that Mr. Keating called on Miss Lamb and asked if he could speak to her without being overheard. She shut all the doors, and he said to her in a low tone:

"If I give you a tip will you be sure not to tell any one?"

"Certainly."

"Well, buy Jemberjaw Lead. You'll make your \$10,000. But if you should lose I'll stand your loss myself."

Miss Ethel Lamb thanked her informer, though she said it wouldn't be quite fair for him to stand any loss. Still, since there wouldn't be any loss there wouldn't be anything for him to stand.

The next day she went to a friend who was a stockbroker and told him that she had received a tip on Jemberjaw Lead and asked him to buy some of the stock for her. She had no money to put up for a margin, but he told her that if she would convince him that the tip was reliable he would buy some stock for her without any margin.

Miss Lamb remembered her promise, but, considering the cause she was working for warranted her breaking it, concluded to tell him provided he would promise solemnly not to tell a single person. He promised, and she told him that the tip had come from Mr. Keating.

He opened his eyes, but said nothing, and the next morning she received a notice of the purchase of 500 shares of Jemberjaw Lead. As soon as she had left the office the broker told his partners that Keating had tipped a lady (he the broker) happened to know Keating was attentive to that there was to be a movement in Jemberjaw Lead. This was done in the private office, where no one except the members of the firm could hear.

A number of customers doing business with the firm were quietly advised to buy a little of the stock without having been given the source from which the information about it came. But the clerks, seeing large orders for the shares going into the exchange, took fliers and confidentially told the clerks of other offices.

Very soon the price of Jemberjaw Lead began to rise, at first slowly, but in time rapidly. Then it began to jump. One morning Miss Lamb was informed by her broker that she had a profit of \$6,000. Would she sell? She said she would like first to ask her tipster. She telephoned Keating for information, who told her to hold on and she would surely make her \$10,000. This information she communicated to her brokers, and it radiated in many directions.

There were large sales of Jemberjaw Lead for a few days, the stock gaining and losing in price alternately; then it began to go down. Suddenly a large lot was dropped on the market, and Miss Lamb's profit was wiped out. From that time forward it sank slowly until she had lost some \$3,000. She sent for Mr. Keating.

"What shall I do?" she moaned.

"I've lost money I can't pay."

"Didn't I tell you I would stand your loss?"

"Yes, but I don't like to have you do that. Besides, the church?"

"I'll take care of the church."

"This somewhat reassured her."

"I am abundantly able to give \$10,000 to your church project since I have sold out shares that have been on my hands for two years at a handsome profit. You enabled me to do so."

"I'll How?"

"By confiding my secret to another."

"You wretch!"

"I forgive you on one condition—that you help me to spend the profits as my wife."

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There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington. The Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to direct themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

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Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

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If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion Wonder Cream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular, 50 cents postpaid.

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Twenty-six million dollars were sent back home to Italy in 1910 by Italians living in this country, according to statistics compiled by postoffice authorities here.

It is stated by postal authorities that there is no special delivery of mail in the Philippine Islands. Letters bearing special delivery stamps and addressed to the islands will be treated the same as ordinary delivery mail.

From March 3, 1910, to March 2, 1911, seventy-seven persons were convicted of violation of the excise laws, according to the annual report of the Excise Board. From November 1, 1909, to October 31, 1910, 519 retail and 126 wholesale licenses were granted.

Report comes from Montgomery, Ala., that a harvest is being reaped in the South by selling Bibles in which Christ, the angels and various Scripture characters are "colored." The Bible usually sells for 75 cents to \$1, but with the illustrations pasted in they are selling for \$10 on installment plan.

Fifty years ago—March 4—the immortal Lincoln became President of the United States. Chief Justice Roger B. Taney administered the oath of office.

The Alabama Legislature adopted a resolution requesting President Taft to pardon the five men who are serving a term in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta for peonage.

Mr. Charles D. Hilles, now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was the special guest at dinner of Secretary Norton last week. Mr. Hilles admitted that he had decided to undertake the work, with every knowledge of the sacrifices secretarial goats are expected to make.

Judge DeLacy, in addressing the mass meeting of the colored Y. W. C. A. at the Third Baptist Church, said: "Although women do not vote, they have great influence over the men who vote, and should use it for the uplift and moral righteousness of the community." There were other speakers also.



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Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.

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## A WINTER ROMANCE

By M. QUAD  
[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

Jed Smith was a farmer's son twenty years old. He was uneducated, uncouth and awkward, but he had romance in his soul. He fell in love with the new schoolma'am at once, and as he was the biggest of the boys and could lick any one of them he felt that he had the best chance. He was going to marry Miss Seymour or know the reason why. When he began to betray signs of his love his father took him out to the barn and turned on him to say:

"Now, Jed Smith, don't you go and make no ding dang fool of yourself!"

It was plain, sensible talk, but Jed wouldn't take it that way. He was a poor reader, but he had digested so many love novels that he wasn't going to let go without a try for it. He had drawn the schoolma'am on his hand sled, he had skated with her, they had slid down hill together, he had brought her the biggest apples of any one, but there was really nothing in these things to arouse her romance, and he realized that romance must come before love. After thinking over it for ten long nights and losing hours of sleep he got his plan. The schoolma'am must be abducted and he must rescue her. At first the trouble seemed to be to find the abductor, but Jed Smith had a way with him. Having got the next biggest boy in the district out to the barn with him, he unfolded his plan and added:

"Jim, you've got to bear the schoolma'am away, and I've got to rescue her. You've got to turn your coat wrong side out and wear a mask and speak in a hoarse voice. In rescuing her I've got to give you a mighty good licking, but as I am going to give you 50 cents you mustn't mind that."

Jim demurred. He didn't want to abduct a schoolma'am, and he didn't want to be licked. He came to it in time, however. Fifty cents in cash was not to be sneezed at, and he would be licked if he refused to enter into the plot. It took some little time to perfect the details, but at last everything was ready. Jed's old father saw fresh "signs," and he took him to task again.

"Jed," he said, "if you are going to make a fool of yourself in any way, then look out for me!"

In winter, especially on a cloudy day, it begins to get dark soon after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The schoolma'am had often to stay after school had been dismissed to look over the work for the next day. She had only half a mile to go when ready. Sometimes two or three pupils stayed and walked along with her; sometimes she was alone. Luck aided the conspirators. It was young Jim Andrews who was to do the abducting part. His father's barn was near the school house, and he could both watch and have a horse ready harnessed. Jed Smith was to be waiting up the road.

One afternoon the signal was given, and the plot was afoot. The teacher had remained until almost 6. She was just donning cloak and hat when a masked villain appeared before her and announced in an awful voice:

"Come with me! If you scream or struggle it means death!" Miss Seymour was properly shocked. She had never seen a masked villain before. No man, holding a peach stone in his mouth to make his voice terrible, had ever thus addressed her. She thought she recognized the figure, and there was a something about the terrible voice that sounded familiar, but she grew faint, her knees weakened, and she was about to sit down when the villain seized her with a grip of steel and bore her out to his sleigh. She screamed and struggled, but she had to go. Jed Smith had said that it would be all the better for the plot if she screamed and struggled. More credit would be due him for rescuing her.

What neither of the plotters had counted on was that some one might come driving along the highway at the critical moment. Some one did come. He was a man without romance in his soul. He was driving a fast horse to a cutter, and when the masked man swung the schoolma'am into his sleigh and started off at a gallop the stranger followed on and cracked his whip and shouted to let the girl know that help was at hand. She heard him, and so did Jim and his horse. In fact, the horse ran away, and just as he reached the point where the rescuer stood waiting he shied into a drift and things were upset. Jed jumped forward, but he had scarcely roared out, "Die, villain!" when he was knocked silly by the stranger. Then the struggling Jim caught it. The schoolma'am was pulled out of the robes and blankets and stood one side, and then the rescuer went in to have some fun with abductor and rescuer.

He stood them on their heads in the drifts; he jammed them about; he walloped them up and down, and when they shouted for mercy he walloped the harder. Then, when tired out, he lifted the girl into his cutter and drove her home. It did not break up the school; it simply broke up the romance of the thing. When Farmer Smith had got through using the gad on the battered Jed he threw it aside and said:

"You was after romance, and I'll give you nuff of it. There's 200 bushels of corn to be husked and shelled, and it's going to be your work from now on to next Fourth of July. Rescuing a gal! Why, durn you, you don't know nuff to rescue an old cabbage head!"

## A Vision

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Are you ill, sir?" I looked up dazed. I made no reply, for I was engaged in getting my bearings.

"This is the Tower?" I asked presently.

"Yes, sir."

I was sitting on a bench in an open court in the Tower of London. Before me was a piece of pavement different from the rest, some fifteen or twenty feet square and in its center a plate on which was an inscription. I remembered being the evening before in the quarters of one of the Tower officials, and that was all. How I came to be seated on the bench in the early morning I have never to this day fully determined. At 11 I had started for my lodgings in Oxford street, but I could not remember going there. One of the Tower attendants, commonly called "beefeaters," had roused me.

If how I came to be there is a mystery, what I saw there is a still greater one. I had been sitting a long while. Of that I was fully conscious. Whether it was night or day I have no recollection, but the scene I witnessed seems to me to have been enacted in the day. My first remembrance is hearing shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!" but they seemed to come from without the inclosure. Within a few persons hurried by silently, as if in preparation for some momentous event. They were all serious, and one or two of them were in tears.

Then I was conscious of a number of persons sitting with me about the square bit of pavement, though the seats on which they sat were of rough hewn wood. The men wore trunks, hose, doublets and hats decorated with feathers, the women stomachers and large ruffled collars. Covering the square place on the pavement I have mentioned was a platform on which rested a rectangular block of wood about two feet high and hollowed at the top on both sides. Beside it, leaning on a huge ax, was a tall figure in tight fitting costume. Those about the platform, which was plainly a scaffold, wore serious countenances. Without the Tower inclosure I heard sounds indicating commotion: "The duke's finished; death to all traitors!" A man sitting next me whispered to another, "It's all over up on the hill."

A horror crept over me, but had no power to move. Looking down toward the other end of the court where there were buildings for dwelling purposes, I saw a lovely apparition at a window, a young girl apparently from seventeen to twenty years old. At the same time I heard the rumbling of a cart. Two young girls attendant on the one at the window tried to draw her away, but she would not go.

"It is the body of her husband," I heard some one say. "He's been executed on Tower hill." When the cart had passed there was an interval that my memory fails to fill, but the next scene was the opening of the door under the window at which the young lady had appeared, and she came out with an officer, attended by the two girls I had seen with her and a priest. She came toward the scaffold reading from a book and praying. When she reached the scaffold she ascended the steps with as much composure as if she were going to her chamber and stood waiting for silence. When it came she spoke to the people, but I have no remembrance of what she said. There she knelt, prayed and asked permission of the priest to say a psalm.

These religious features ended, she took off her gloves and her kerchief, which she handed to one of her maids, and loosened her gown. The executioner knelt before her and asked forgiveness for what he was about to do. The girl then tied a handkerchief over her eyes with her own hands. Groping for the block, she asked, "Where is it?" Guided to it, she knelt and laid her neck on it, saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The last I remember was the ax swinging over her.

"Have you been sitting here all night, sir?" asked the attendant.

"I don't know. I have a vague recollection gradually coming back to me of having followed last night when I started to go home a figure dressed in singular costume."

At that moment my eyes rested on the plate in the center of the marked square. I saw the name Lady Jane Grey. I read that she, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard were all executed there. My horror of the night before returned. I rose and was staggering away when the attendant, putting his arm through mine, assisted me, taking me to the gate and calling a cab for me. I was driven to my lodgings and did not leave them for a fortnight.

When I got out I had a longing to know something of Lady Jane Grey, but dreaded to bring back my experience of that gruesome night. After a few months had passed I mustered courage to read her life. I found events attending her execution the same as I witnessed in my vision, my dream or whatever it was. Those who attended her at her death have testified to her serenity.

## A Pardon

By HARRY VON AMBERG

"You, boy! Come out of that and help bring on the wood."

So called the mate of a steamboat on the Mississippi to a pale faced boy lying in his bunk. It was at night, and the weather was stormy.

"I can't; I'm sick."

"You hain't goin' to work yer passage on this yere boat sojourn there. Git up, I say, and carry your load."

The boy made a feeble attempt to rise, but failed. The mate seized a stick of wood and held it over the invalid.

"You git up or I'll brain you!"

Fear gave the boy additional strength, and he managed to pull himself out and stagger over the gang plank to a wood pile which the deck hands were transferring to the boat. He worked as best he could till the task was finished, then crawled back to his bunk and fell fainting in it.

This boy, Robert Stewart, was so poor that in order to get from New Orleans to St. Louis he was obliged to work his passage on a steamboat. The mate was a powerful man, and the boy, who was ill with a fever, was completely at his mercy. What made the act still more brutal was that there were plenty of deck hands to do the work without calling out a sick boy. There was something fiendish in the mate's nature that led him to this act of cruelty.

Years passed meanwhile. That sick boy was moving in one direction, while the mate who had tyrannized over him and had nearly cost him his life was moving in another. The one was rising, the other sinking. Schooled in adversity, Robert Stewart possessed that within him which enabled him to triumph over obstacles, the hardships he had endured furnishing a spur to send him onward and upward. Successful in his own affairs, the people trusted him with theirs. In time his name became known to every one in Missouri. He rose to be governor.

One day a man was brought to the governor from the penitentiary as an applicant for pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and the moment the governor looked at him he started.

Then he scrutinized the criminal long and closely. Without speaking he turned to his desk, picked up the paper on which the man's pardon had been made out and wrote his name at the bottom of it. Before handing it to the prisoner he said to him:

"I fear it will be useless, perhaps wrong, for me to grant you this pardon."

The man stood stolidly waiting to know the governor's reason.

"You will commit some other crime and be sent to the penitentiary again."

"No, governor; I promise you that I will not."

The governor looked doubtful. He was apparently turning something over in his mind. Finally he said:

"You will go back on to the river—as mate on a steamer, I suppose."

"Yes, governor; I'll go back to work at any position I can get."

"Well," the governor continued, "before I pardon you I wish you to make me a promise."

The man looked interested and waited. The chief magistrate was in no hurry. The mass of business awaiting his attention was forgotten in this pardon case. There must be something in it to move him so strangely. For a few minutes there was a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed to be picturing something. That it was a painful scene was evident from his expression. Then he turned to the criminal and said impressively:

"I wish you to pledge your word that when you go back to the river as mate on a steamboat you will never drive a sick boy from his bunk to load your boat on a stormy night."

The criminal looked at the governor in a vain attempt to understand why he imposed upon him such a singular condition. Then he made the required promise, asking at the same time for an explanation. Finally the governor gave it:

"One night many years ago you were mate of a steamboat running between New Orleans and St. Louis. On that boat was a boy sick with a fever. One night when the wind blew cold and the rain came down in torrents you drove that boy out of his bunk and forced him to carry wood."

"Now, there are two reasons why I don't wish you to do that again. The first is that I desire any boy you might so treat to escape your cruelty. Another time it might cost him his life. The second is that he might become governor of his state and you might commit another crime and come before him with an application for pardon."

The man stood looking at the governor, a faint glimmer of memory struggling in his brain. But with a life so hard for him to remember one which at the time he had considered of so little importance.

The governor handed him his pardon. "It was that boy," he said. "That document is my revenge. But another time the governor's revenge might be of a different kind. The pardoning power is lodged in the chief magistrate alone, and another governor might see fit to refuse clemency. Go! Try to earn an honest living without brutality."

The criminal slunk away, but whether or not the lesson had any effect on him there is no available record.

## TWIN SPIRITS

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

He was a genius—a genius of the brush. When at his easel he was completely absorbed. At such time no one could secure his attention. His lunch-eon was brought in every day and set down beside him; but, although the servant was instructed to call his attention to it, he seldom knew that it was there. Often after he had finished his work for the day he would feel faint for want of food. Then he would arise to get some and frequently knocked over the stool on which his lunch had been placed and broke the dishes.

She was a poetess. She had had a lover; but, finding that she didn't feel those heavenly thrills of which she had written of people in such condition, she had broken off her engagement with him. She had seen the artist's pictures and was sure she loved the man who painted them. She burned to know him and asked every friend she possessed to introduce her. But none of them was acquainted with him.

But her yearning for him would not down. She resolved to visit him in his studio. A friend to whom she had given her confidence advised her to "brush up a bit," leave off her black alpaca and put on silk. But the recommendation did not impress her. Love was a matter of the soul; it had nothing to do with clothes, whereupon her friend admonished her to wear something pretty all the same.

She went to his studio, climbed several flights of stairs—she was delicate, and the effort made her heart throb violently—and tapped softly at the door. There was no response. No sound came from within. She tried the doorknob, turning it gently, then pushed the door slightly ajar. He was there. He sat at his easel before a canvas on which were a divine face and figure. The latch slipped back, making a sound. She started, thinking it would betray her. No; he went on painting. What a noble brow! His tumbled hair—it was thin—caressed the crown of his august head.

What should she do? Should she break the spell under which he worked by speaking? No; there was a chair near by. She would go and sit upon it till he came to himself or from himself. So she went softly to the chair, keeping her eyes upon him the while, and sat down.

Alas, she sat upon a palette—a palette on which were soft paints of many bright colors! She sat looking at him, yearning for him. Presently he looked aside from his work and straight at her. Through his eyes looked a great spirit. But they did not see her; they were as those of a somnambulist. He turned his gaze back to his easel.

For another half hour he worked. She would no sooner drag him down from his idea flight than she pulled down herself when a poem was welling up in her own heart.

Presently she arose to go. She had seen him. Her soul had caressed his. It was enough.

But unfortunately something fell on the floor.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been waiting for you. I must put in the eyes." Then, without waiting, he went on: "A little closer, please. There, face the light."

At the same time he turned and looked into her eyes. He thought she was his model. But she did not know it. She thought that his lofty intellect had stalked over the gap of a want of acquaintance.

Then he began to paint, putting her own dark, poetic eyes into the head on the canvas, turning often to look into those of flesh and blood. In her poetic imagination she fancied that he was taking, spiritually, her eyes from her body and placing them in the head of an angel.

At last the work was finished. He arose, stood at a short distance from it, viewed it critically, made a few touches, threw down his brush, put his hand in his pocket, fished out a plug of black tobacco and bit off a quid.

As her romance, pierced to the heart, died within her she gave a little cry. He turned and looked at her through eyes from which the light of Genius Creatrix had gone out and saw her as she was, a lean, homely old maid with handsome eyes.

"Who in thunder are you?" he blurted.

Poor woman! Had the romance remained it would have been quite embarrassing enough, but it had vanished with the appearance of the tobacco. What to say she did not know. There was but one thing for her to do—leave the studio. She slunk toward the door. He followed her with his eyes.

"Stop!" he said suddenly, making a few quick strides toward her. Was he going to break even the fragments of the idol she had raised and how? He seized her skirt—that part of it which hung in rear—and, spreading it out, exclaimed:

"Great Scott!"

"What is it?" she asked, not being able to see behind her.

"You've been sitting on my palette!" he said, surveying the wreck of her dress ruefully. The dress was a confusion of vermillion, prussian blue, chrome yellow, violet and other colors. Then, telling her to wait, he rushed for turpentine and other articles and in a quarter of an hour had got off the most of the paint. As she passed out he said:

"Thank you for the use of your eyes."



### The Smart Set.

A three-act musical comedy that differs from its contemporaries in divers ways will be the next attraction at Howard Theater, week commencing April 3d. It is from the pen of Edwin Hanford, and is entitled "His Honor the Barber." As presented by the famous "Smart Set" Company, with S. H. Dudley in the stellar role, the offering has become one of the real treats of the season. Although the comedy contains fifteen original song hits, musical numbers and ensembles, it could easily hold its own on the strength of its brisk and humorous dialogue, situations, novelties, features, etc., and the interpretation of the company itself, which is composed of sixty capable people. Mr. Dudley is seen at his best as Raspberry Snow, a Negro who wants to shave the President of the United States. As Mr. Dudley portrays the character it becomes one of the funniest and best developed types seen hereabouts in years. "Rastus," the trained donkey, which was such a favorite last season, has been retained. "Rastus" is the constant companion of Raspberry, and we have many side-splitting adventures during the action of the play. In point of durable excellence, style and originality, the comedy is said to be the most pretentious ever offered in years. Edwin Hanford wrote the book, and Messrs. Brim, Smith and Burris furnished the lyrics and music, and Messrs. Barton and Wiswell are the owners. The costumes, which are said to be the most original seen on the stage in many a day, were selected from plates furnished by William H. Barnes.

Aida Overton Walker forms an attractive part of the production. She will introduce a singing and dancing specialty said to be the best of its kind offered on any stage. Matinees as usual.

### Baseball at Howard.

A call for candidates for the baseball squad was announced March 1, and about forty promising aspirants responded. The men for the first few days were put through hard practice, but, on account of bad weather intervening and lack of a gymnasium for indoor work, our men are forced to stop training and go around with sore arms until good outdoor weather is promised. Quite a number of the old veterans are back this year, including Tyson, ex-Capt. Young, Barco, Allen, Turner and Hunt, but as most of these men are seniors and probably will not travel, the team will be composed mostly of new material. Kid Bice, the three-fingered slab artist from Annapolis, who has always gotten the college boys' goat with his famous spit-ball curves, will be with us this season; also Turner, the south-paw 'varsity' man of last year and who won nine out of eleven games he pitched up in the New England States last summer. Bullett Slaughter, from Iowa College, is showing great form on third base and as a hitter; also Avery, the midget third baseman, plays a hard and consistent game. Capt. Oliver is out every afternoon and puts his men through hard practice, and is well pleased with the early showing of his men. The manager, who for the past four years has been a 'varsity' pitcher, on account of increased responsibility placed on the manager, most likely will not be seen in the game this season. Willie White, a second Hal Chase, from Atlanta University, is with us this year, and is showing professional class on the initial sack. The only weakness seems to be behind the bat, although there are several well-recommended backstops among us this year, including J. M. Hays, Ed. Gray, the heavy hitter, and Downing, from Biddle University. Big Chief Chandler, who knocks the ball into the bookhouse nearly every time he comes up, is out for first and second. Other candidates are Shaw, Whitfield, Scoup, McClellan, Flippin, Garvin and Green. The first game of the season will be with Springfield Training School, from Springfield, Mass., March 24 on Howard Campus. This team plays Harvard, Amherst, Exeter, Penn. State and other big college teams, so a fast game is expected. Our schedule will be out in a few days. The manager, by the consent of the Athletic Council, has arranged a Southern trip for about two weeks, which will be published later.

Perry Bell, Mgr

### WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

(By Rounder.)

Colored Republicans on the House side of Congress are very uneasy. I have been informed that when a Republican is removed a Democrat will be appointed in his place. Report is now that Jim Noel will be reduced if not dismissed. He is a valuable individual to the Speaker.

I saw ex-Register Lyons and Recorder of Deeds Johnson at Ford Dabney's last week. They are from Georgia, and seemed to enjoy the show. Ford's father has been running the show for several weeks. He knows more about the show business financially than Ford does. John is a business man.

L. C. Moore is a frequent visitor at the Capitol. Lew wants to know where he comes in in this deal. He claims to be the original colored Democrat.

Attorney John A. Moss favors Attorney Tracey L. Jeffries as the successor of Judge Mullowney. He thinks that a Republican should be appointed.

I regret that ex-United States Attorney D. W. Baker lost his case. Mr. Baker is a man in whom the people of Maryland have confidence.

The most enthusiastic spectator at the athletic meet last Saturday evening was Mrs. A. M. Curtis. She had a son, who is her pride. Dr. Curtis was equally as enthusiastic. Neither the Doctor nor Madam could keep quiet or sit still. Mrs. Curtis stood like an Egyptian queen.

Well, the depositors of the Freedmen's bank will have to wait a while longer. Congress may take up the bill at the extra session. The Democratic House has a chance to make a record by doing something that the Republicans have failed to do.

Edward Holland was on a dress parade Monday morning. He was anxious to see the sights, so he strolled past the Police Court. He found what he was looking for, and then returned to his place of business.

Attorney Thomas L. Jones will realize about fifteen thousand dollars by the condemnation proceedings of property in which he is interested on Meridian Hill. I expect to see him in a new automobile. His friends say that a horse and wagon is safer.

I dropped in the Howard Theater last Sunday evening and heard several good songs. It would not be out of place for the management to force the participants to confine themselves to sedate songs. Some of the pictures were good. I think the Hiawatha has the finest pictures of any theater in the city. The Chelsea is next in order for good pictures. All pictures should have a moral to them.

Everybody was at the meet last Saturday evening in Convention Hall. Mr. Henderson is entitled to great credit for the success he met with.

I don't see why the law students of Howard University can't have full access to the law books. There are some books that the student is not allowed to use, or cannot use because they are under the lock and key of one of the professors. Mr. Geo. F. Collins is the librarian, and just why he is not allowed to control all the books as such librarian, I don't know. If Dr. Thirkield would make just two changes in that department, I believe that Howard University would have a model law school. No one professor should arrogate any more to himself than any other professor. I hope that Dean Layton will look into this, or Dr. Thirkield.

### Holmes' Palm Garden.

One of the most entertaining palm gardens in the southwest is conducted by Mr. James O. Holmes. Among the entertainers at this up-to-date garden are Link Proctor, Mr. Jesse Brown, Mr. John Thomas and Miss Bessie Campbell. If you want an evening of pleasure you should not fail to attend the Holmes' Hotel Palm Garden.

### JANITOR THIRTY YEARS.

A Purse of Twenty-five Dollars Presented Him.

A purse of twenty-five dollars and fifty cents was presented Mr. Jas. H. Young, of Garfield, D. C., by Mr. H. Wythe Lewis, principal of Garfield School.

As Mr. Young had been janitor of the above-named school for thirty years, and in recent years has been in very poor health, Mr. Lewis undertook to raise by subscription one dollar for each year's service, or thirty dollars. He did not succeed in raising the full amount, but turned over to Mr. Young last Sunday night the above sum.

Below will be found the names of the contributors and the amount contributed:

One dollar each—Messrs. H. Wythe Lewis, A. W. Carroll, George Pinkney, W. R. Giles, Henry Thomas of Stanton, and Mrs. Cora Wilkinson.

Fifty cents each—Messrs. Elias Brown, W. H. Dabney, Henry Williams, Cornelius Gray, Joseph Seldon, Dr. W. D. Naylor, Samuel Marshall (60c), Misses M. E. Hite, B. M. Ruffin, E. B. Adams, M. M. Beverly, T. M. Barker, Cecelia Cannon, Jane Gray and Susie Marshall.

Twenty-five cents each—Messrs. B. O. Bowman, R. L. Gray, J. W. Caldwell, Isaac Singleton, M. Kerrick, H. C. Thomas, Daniel Stevenson, Benj. Dockett, Lewis Cook and William Addison, Misses Henrietta Young, E. J. Murray, B. O. Bowman, E. G. Bell, L. G. Bell, Ella Hawkins, Eliza Smalls, Eliza Addison, Madeline Simms, Cora Beverly, Mary Robinson, Ellen Cannon, A. G. Wilson.

Ten cents—Messrs. Lewis Taylor, Wm. Taylor (15c), Reuben Giles, Morris Wright, Lewis Munroe, Misses Emma Robinson, Alice Dorsey and V. E. Chase.

Five cents—Misses Fannie Giles, K. L. Wells and Amanda Taylor (1c).

Mr. Lewis takes this opportunity to thank the community for the uniform courtesy shown and the generous response to his appeal.

### Gone Over.

Charles F. A. Langus, of the Government Printing Office, has joined the pitching staff of the Interior baseball team. He says that he will make it hard for all comers.

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### Why?

Why do women delight in slandering one another?  
Why are women so suspicious of one another?  
Why do women more than men write anonymous letters to those who are virtuous and the accusers guilty of bad conduct?  
Why are men jealous of one another's success?  
Why do some lawyers backbite one another?  
Why were Lewis and Napier appointed in preference to some others?  
Why don't the District Commissioners appoint a few colored men?  
Why are no more colored policemen appointed on the force?  
Why hasn't David Warner been promoted in the District government?  
Attorney Bacon won a damage suit in the Municipal Court last week and the judgment has been paid.

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Those who failed to see Black Patti this week should not fail next week. This is one of the best shows on the road.



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